BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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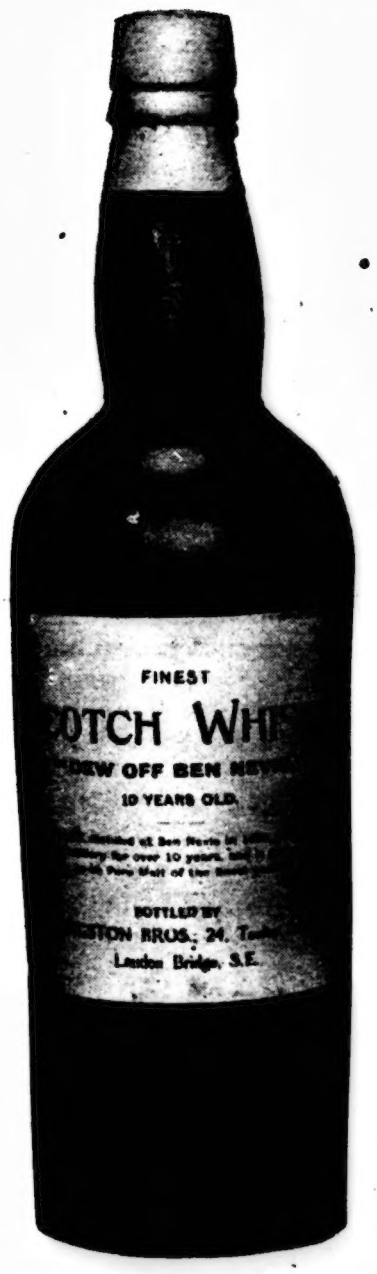

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Please send me a sample of ..... for which I enclose 3d. stamps.

Enclosed please find remittance value ..... for ..... bottle of {Ben Nevis '98. / Jameson '96.

Name ..... Address .....

.....

Or a sample half-bottle will be sent on receipt of 2/- J. B.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. VI. No. 151. Saturday, April 24th, 1909. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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April 25th, "The Religion of Shakespeare" (Anniversary Lecture.)
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THE WORLD THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We are editing this week's issue under the palm trees of the Riviera—and even there we cannot escape the attention of the photo fiend; for, as we write, we observe the *Graphic* man at work with his snap-shotter, and we are conscious of having been numbered with his victims. But who can be angry with anybody or anything in these surroundings? When we contemplate such scenery we always ask ourselves why God made Heaven. Why can't we all live for ever in an earthly Paradise?

And what a relief not to see an English paper—at any rate, until it is sufficiently out of date to be worth reading. We really think we will introduce a Bill to establish a close time in newspapers. There ought to be at least one week in every year when no *daily* paper should be issued. The world is suffering from a plethora of news. In other words, we all know too much.

Why all this agitation to alter the Coronation Oath? asks a reader. And he favours us with the reply. *Because the Prince of Wales is a Roman Catholic!* So now you know.

Has it ever occurred to our readers that a good deal of military information leaks out into foreign channels through the system which prevails in regimental messes of having foreign *chefs?*

What about East Edinburgh? If Mr. Asquith is wise, he will not wait for the Lords to throw out the Little Navy Budget, but will challenge the verdict of the nation—and leave it to poor Mr. Austen Chamberlain to find the money!

Isn't it about time that the Legislature should do for leaseholders and tenants what the clergy asked the Lord to do so long ago as in the reign of Edward VI.? As a matter of fact, it has been done for Ireland, and the Town Tenants' Defence League is now promoting a Bill on similar lines for the little Irish suburb called England. Good luck to them.

We have been shown a programme of the Palace Theatre, Bristol, with an announcement that "members of the Bristol Marine Ambulance Corps are on duty in the Hall during the hours of performance." This sounds as though an occasional disagreement was anticipated as to the merits of the performers.

The Corporation of Wolverhampton has distinguished itself by issuing the following notice:—

> Employees are requested, *immediately* they receive the packet containing their wages, and *before opening*, to see that it contains the correct amount. No mistakes will be recognised *after* the packet has once been *opened*.

How do they do it: by second sight or spirit photography?

The director of a great bank recently referred to the loyalty of the staff, and said it was only to be expected in view of the handsome salaries which were paid. But many of the cashiers receive only 25s. a week, or less, from this bank. It would be interesting to see how the complacent director in question would contrive to combine comfort with honesty on such a salary. What has always surprised us is that cases of embezzlement and defalcations are not more frequent.

Many thanks to the press (and other) agents who call our august attention to the fact that the lady who dances the dance of Salome partially attired in her ordinary skin has been prohibited from publicly performing at Bournemouth and at the time of writing is rapidly booking seats elsewhere as a result of protestive deputations of the clergy to the corporation. Our advertising rates for a full-page picture of the lady in a frame of commendatory notices by our contemporaries may be ascertained by application to the authorised department.

A correspondent, who has habitually contributed to hospital funds, relates his experience when he sought relief for an ailment: "I have been to Charing Cross Hospital on several occasions, lost a lot of time and money, and all I can get from them is abuse and a bottle of carbolic lotion. The last time I was there, I was haled before an 'Almoner'—a woman—who sat in judgment on my career, both past and present, salary and other things. I walked out disgusted, vowing never to give another cent to a hospital." What says the Secretary?

We believe we were alone in announcing the impending fall of the Russian Premier, Isvolski. If you see it in JOHN BULL . . . .

Has Mr. Balfour been recently playing golf anywhere in the vicinity of Rochford in Essex? The question is one of considerable importance, for the right hon. gentleman is stated by some persons to be a fairly good driver when in form, and a golf ball has been found in a bird's nest in those parts. When discovered, the ball was serenely sitting on several new-laid eggs, apparently trying to hatch 'em, the mother bird having apparently departed as a result of surprise and shock. Further details are not at present available.

Whether a country has a Navy or whether it hasn't there is always trouble. Recently the Government of our neighbours of the Cordial Understanding appointed a commission to inquire into the state of the French Navy. The commission now ascertains with much lamentation that whole sets of warship boilers bought in 1898 have never been used, and are at present suitable only for scrap iron, while some of the ammunition which should have been on board ship is on land, and the ammunition which is on land is in a condition of complex insufficiency. The German Naval Minister had now better institute an inquiry into the preparedness of the Navy for William Le Queux's invasion of England, due next year. How is it off for coal scuttles, and has it laid in an adequate stock of sauerkraut and Frankfurt sausage? And will Mr. McKenna reassure us on the point whether the British Navy, since Lord Charles Beresford has been placed on the shelf, is adequately equipped with other big guns?

Organ recitals were recently advertised in Westminster Abbey. One of our readers turned up nearly an hour before the appointed time. Here is his experience: "I was kept out in the draughty courtyard, and in the very bitterly cold wind and weather for forty-eight minutes, when a very small door was opened and, after the most unseemly crushing and crowding, I was admitted. "Take your seats, please," was the very audible recommendation of a fat-faced young man, and to the pushing about of chairs and tramping about of people and vergers the organ recital progressed, —altogether a disgraceful and irreligious scene. I fail to understand why and by what right the public was kept out of the Abbey. I always thought Westminster Abbey was open to all and sundry at all times. Had the doors been open, the people would no doubt have gone in and taken their seats reverently and waited patiently. The general behaviour was worse than is seen at any football match." Westminster has certainly been unfortunate in her Deans—almost as unfortunate as Winchester.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Exchange and Mart*, under the heading, "Men's Dress":

> Overcoat for 3 hen canaries, black coat and vest for 2, chest 36in., 5ft. 9in., parcel collars and ties for 1 hen. 14, Arthur Street, Aldershot.

What popinjays!

There is trouble in America as a result of the protests of American women against what are called the fluffy-ruffles schedules of the new Tariff Bill. The Senate proposes a great reduction in the duties on stockings, gloves, hats, bonnets, and false hair. "The Senate," we read, "also proposes to permit women to munch chocolate and drink cocoa as heretofore without paying duty." All this presents an aspect of tariff reform which does not appear to have been sufficiently considered by the inspired preachers of the Birmingham evangel. It may be doubted whether our wives and daughters would altogether rejoice in a fiscal millennium in which their hair would cost them more, or cotton rise in the price of openwork stockings, Parisian corsets, fluffy lingerie, and other intimacies of the toilette. Even the wife of a tariff reformer may have a difficulty in getting an increase of "pin money."

A man at Willesden has found a new method of calming the wife of his bosom. Summoned for using bad language, he explained to the magistrate that he was only swearing at the missus to keep her calm. "When she gets excited," said he, "that's the only way to do it." Evidently he does not believe that the soft answer turneth away wrath.

A correspondent sends us a jury summons which is illustrative of officialism as surviving in the present year of grace:—

> DORSETSHIRE TO WIT. YOU are hereby summoned to be and appear personally before the Justices of our Sovereign Lord the King, assigned to hold the Assizes at DORCHESTER in and for the said County, on THURSDAY, the 18th day of FEBRUARY, 1909, to serve as a COMMON JUROR at the said Assize.
>
> NOTE.—Your attendance at Dorchester will not be required until FRIDAY MORNING, the 19TH day of FEBRUARY, 1909, at 11 o'clock precisely.

Then why summon the poor man for Thursday? If the Sheriff had an afterthought, surely he might have altered the first part of the summons. When at last we do get a Government of business men, what masses of red tape will have to be unravelled!

Since we went to press with our issue of 10th April, in which we reported that the Brighton Town Council had reduced the Municipal Orchestra to 28 performers, the Council have executed a complete *volte face*, and decided to retain the orchestra at its full strength. We agree with what one of the speakers said at the last meeting of the Council, that "to reduce the orchestra without further trial would be an absolute retreat which would injure the town." It is hoped that the present decision is finally final. The Council have wobbled enough about the matter; and it has yet to be proved that Brighton Councillors are privileged to wobble as ducks are privileged to waddle—because they cannot walk straight.

The trouble in the I.L.P. has come to a head at last, and the next General Election will see the Socialists go down at the polls like ninepins. It is all illustrative of what occurred last week, in connection with an attack on Mr. Crooks, M.P. Despite the doctrine of brotherly concord and helpfulness, of "each for all and all for each," there are more Ishmaelites in the Socialist party than in any other party known at Westminster, or outside it. Evidently Keir Hardie, Macdonald, and Snowden, the brains of the organisation, can stand it no longer. They flung their bombshell into the ranks of their critics at the Edinburgh Conference to some purpose. In connection with Socialism, at all events with Parliamentary Socialism, one thinks of these three men as Toulongeon thought of a famous three in the French Constituent Assembly. "Whatever these three have in hand," he said, "Duport thinks it, Barnave speaks it, Lameth does it." Of course, the more the Socialists break each other's heads and idols the less anybody else will trouble about them. From that point of view most people will probably feel grateful to the wreckers. Socialism, as we understand it, is a sort of Paradise in which you boss everybody else what time everybody else is bossing you; and from that sort of thing good Lord deliver us.

We do not always agree with the Vicar of Brixton, the Rev. A. J. Waldron, and we are afraid we must reprove him for a recent utterance, to the effect that he would "rather have as a friend a man who occasionally got drunk, than some miserable temperance advocates he knew." Shocking—but here's to him all the same.

With the death of Sir Donald Currie closes a life of lowly beginnings and great success. He was not a man of great achievement, as Time counts achievement. Sir Donald was a great shipowner, shipowning and ship-running was his business, and by his business he built up a fortune. Apart from his benefactions, which were many, he had few claims to public attention, and these he never thrust into notice. He was a silent member of the House of Commons while he was in it; and probably if he had not enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Gladstone he would hardly have been heard of in the public sense. He was a man whom any "Self Help" Smiles could turn into a hero of trade upon the seas. Every ship of the Castle Line is his floating monument.

In the days of our childhood ringing doorbells and running away was as delightful an entertainment as locking a rag-and-bone man in a passage or tying a lobster-tin to the tail of the cat. But the vicar of Hendford was no doubt always a nice Christian child and never did anything so shocking. He has dragged into the Yeovil Petty Sessions Court a child of nine years of age, who rang the vicarage doorbell and then ran away. Not that the reverend gentleman had the courage of his highly Christian convictions, for he made the complainant one of his servants, and supported her by the evidence of his wife, who asserted that the vicarage bells were rung two or three times every week-day morning and sometimes on Sundays. That this sort of thing is a nuisance may be admitted; we can all admit it now that we have "growed up" and become the victims instead of the persecutors. But in this case the father of the child went to the vicarage and offered an apology and also warned the child not to offend again. The vicar, however, insisted on terrorising the youngster by dragging her before the fearsome Majesty of the Law. As it happened, the Majesty listened, and declined to convict; believing that a vicar who prays to be forgiven his trespasses should forgive those who trespass against him. And, by the way, is not the vicar's church-bell a nuisance to many people?

What the reporter describes as "scenes of the wildest disorder" occurred at St. Saviour's schoolroom, Sunbury Common, on the occasion of the Easter vestry meeting. The Kensitites started a row with the vicar and his supporters, the meeting breaking up "in great confusion." Outside, the row was commenced all over again, a local Kensitite denouncing the doctrines preached and practised at St. Saviour's as "Roman rubbish," whereupon he was assaulted by a Roman Catholic, "the result being that blood flowed freely." If only a Methodist, a Baptist, and a Presbyterian had joined in the fight, the whole crowd could have raised their voices in the inspiring song of joy, "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war."

If we may not have a Sunday postal delivery in London—an arrangement which effectually cuts off the capital of the Empire from the rest of the world—surely we may ask that in every centre of population there shall be telegraphic facilities throughout the day. One of our readers complains bitterly that an urgent message despatched at noon, a few Sundays ago, did not find him at Cheltenham till late in the evening, and when it was impossible for him to catch a train in time to reach the bedside of a dying friend—whilst a message sent at the same time to the Colonies was received before he got his. After all, the Post Office is a national undertaking; it pays well, and it ought to be at the service of the public at all reasonable times, on all days of the week.

During the past few weeks there has been much quoting of Sir William Gilbert's familiar lines on the comparative happiness of a constable's life. For upon Robert has fallen the new responsibility of chasing and capturing the small boy who is bent on undermining his physique and paralysing his moral calibre by smoking cigarettes. The long continuance of many laws in England which are absurd and at which everybody laughs, but which go along gaily unreformed, discourages the idea that the anti-fag legislation of Parliament will be wiped out by public ridicule, after we have seen eight stout bobbies dodging wildly around Trafalgar Square fountains after a small worshipper of the nicotian goddess. That his new duty is abhorrent to the policeman is undoubted; not that like the rest of us he does not agree that children are unwise to smoke, but because the law lays upon him the obligation in this case to do both too little and too much. A useful supplement to the measure would be a close time for burglars, wife-beaters and other professional gentlemen, who look like having a good harvest, whilst the copper is pursuing little Billy.

Oh, those Bournemouth Councillors! "Was it their wish that Miss Maud Allan should be allowed to visit the Winter Gardens?" asked Alderman Webber, Chairman of the Winter Gardens Committee, and loud cries of "No!" rent the air of the Council chamber! "I would recommend them," says a Bournemouth reader, "to take a walk round the cliffs on a Sunday evening." But how does he know that they don't? Personally, we should think it any odds that they are just the sort of men who would delight in a nocturnal prowl. They are a queer lot. For instance, they do not hesitate to desecrate a Wagnerian concert at the Winter Gardens by the introduction of performing parrots in the middle of it. But perhaps that is in order to give some of their own number a show.

Who says that the women are not going ahead? Just look at the Report of the National Women's Social and Political Union. The income has increased from £6,000 to £20,000; the staff from 30 to 75; sales from £600 to £2,000; rooms from 13 to 19; the circulation of *Votes for Women* from 5,000 a month to 20,000 a week—in addition to all of which there were special subscriptions "raised during Self-Denial Week and at the annual meeting, amounting to £8,000"! And the Committee proceed to record, with glee, the great increase in the number of martyrs who have gone to prison during the year. At this rate, the N.W.S. and P.U. will soon rival the Salvation Army. Merits of Female Suffrage apart, it is a splendid tribute to the organising power and pluck of Christabel and her friends.

Thirty years ago a well-known lady (whose anonymous recollections last year created some sensation, and who has just issued another delightful book called "Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures") described Bank Holiday as "a disgusting day; everybody drunk." Whether the change has made for merriment or misery, that a great change has come over the spirit of our Bank Holiday in the interval is evident from the behaviour of the London crowd of to-day. It is as decorous as a French funeral, or a German beer party. In fact, if it were not for the Labour and Socialist congresses, which give them a touch of colour and excitemeut, these law-made festivals of the people would be almost depressing. It is well that John Bull should work hard and bear himself as becomes a payer for *Dreadnoughts* during the serious business of life; but we should like to see him put a little more ginger into his leisure. After all, looking at twenty-two paid athletes, or the same number of conjurers and comic singers, riding one hundred miles by rail for 2s. 6d., or even dodging motors on the King's highway, lacks picturesqueness. Thank heaven, there is 'still left 'Endon and the 'Eath!

Mr. Churchill's letter to the Chairman of the Liberal Party in Dundee is a very able presentment of the views of those who hold that we have nothing to fear from German naval expansion, but it must be unpleasant reading for some of Mr. Churchill's colleagues, and especially for the Prime Minister. Mr. Churchill tells us that the Navy scaremongers have fallen into four cardinal errors. (1) They forget the 40 battleships of our Fleet that are not *Dreadnoughts*. (2) They assume that the Germans can increase their rate of building without our knowing it. (3) They are radically wrong when they assume that the Two-Power Standard includes the United States; and (4) worse than all, they assume a profound antagonism of interests between the British and German Nations. But who is responsible for persuading the country to the contrary, for throwing it into its present disordered mental condition, and for allowing it to appear to other nations in a more contemptible guise than at any time since the Mafeking spectacle? Mr. McKenna and the Prime Minister; and since Mr. McKenna would not have made the speech he did in introducing the estimates without the approval of the Prime Minister—first and foremost, Mr. Asquith. It was his speech, following upon that of the First Lord, that alarmed the House and the country.

If Mr. Churchill's statements are true, or anywhere near the truth, Mr. Asquith's alarming speech was absolutely without justification. Even if the facts had been all that he assumed them at the moment to be, they ought to have been put before Parliament in a different way—in a manner calculated to guard against panic, instead of to encourage it. And what has the Prime Minister to say to Mr. Churchill's deliberate repudiation of the Two-Power Standard? The truth is, that Mr. Asquith's utterances have been those, not of a man who has sifted his facts and speaks with the one object of making the truth apparent, but, rather, of a politician who one moment thinks it expedient to reassure the nation by promising to keep the Fleet at an irresistible strength, and the next to frighten reluctant supporters into sanctioning expenditure to which they are strongly opposed. It is the old story. No man can serve two masters. Mr. Asquith's master is John Bull—and he is growing very impatient.

Nobody will swallow the yarn of Jim Patten, that he sat on the edge of the wheat pit at Chicago "to prevent the export of wheat which was needed at home," for everybody who is familiar with the bold gambling of the Yankee wheat speculator knows that it is all bosh, bunkum, and blarney. Patten had not enough wheat to make a corner, but he had quite enough to make himself a millionaire by sitting tight on his fifteen million bushels in a scarce market. With five million dollars in his pocket after a fortnight's operations, he let the wheat make its own prices. But letting go seems to have made very little difference to the market. Prices continued to go up instead of down. The scarcity is real, and heaven only knows what price the poor would have had to pay for their four-pound loaf if England had been wholly dependent on America for its grain supplies. While we write, the quartern loaf is at 6½d. in the poorer districts, with the bakers hoping to find excuses for putting it up to 7d. To hundreds of families this means all the difference between bread to eat and empty stomachs. Verily, to them that have shall be given, and to them that have not shall be taken away even that which they have.

A correspondent sends us a label from a box of gloves: "Real English Milanese gloves. Made in Germany." The which is almost Balfourian in its inexactitude.

The result of the new Act prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sunday in New South Wales has been to establish drinking clubs. On Saturday nights (says an Australian correspondent) they order about twenty gallons of beer to be placed in three separate demi-johns. These vessels are delivered to the homes of three of the club members. On Sunday the members of the club simply call at any or all of the houses where the beer is, and drink as much as they require. A great trade is also befng done in glass jars, one publican alone selling 160 of these bottles one Saturday evening.

A reader sends us the following Demand Note, which recently came into his possession:—

Cheques to be crossed London City & Midland Bank, Ltd., Bishopsgate Branch, "Bishopsgate Church Account."

This Rate is DUE WHEN MADE, and to be collected immediately.

PARISH OF SAINT BOTOLPH, BISHOPSGATE.

Asst. No. 490. PLEASE BRING THIS NOTICE.

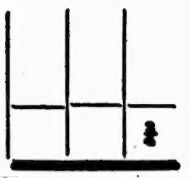
DEMAND NOTE.

The Churchwardens hereby demand payment from

THE STANDARD TIME CO.,

.....for Tithe Rate of

above Parish, made 6th day of Oct. 1908, for one quarter, from Michaelmas to Christmas, 1908, at ½d. in the Pound on the assessment of £3.



W. NEWMAN, *Collector*,

60, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C.

Attendance: Wednesdays, 11 to 1.

N.B. Payment should be made in exchange for the usual printed form of receipt only.

The demand was sent in an envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp, and after the collector had made three personal calls for the money, it was sent to him and acknowledged by letter with another halfpenny stamp. Altogether, it must have been a very profitable transaction.

The Sultan has again been having warm times. If things procceed in Turkey as they are doing now it will soon achieve a reputation for frequency of revolutions equal to that of a South American Republic. Not long ago Abdul was the villain of the piece in Europe, and everybody would have been glad to see him bundled out, bag and baggage. Suddenly the scene was changed. The Young Turk party engineered a peaceful revolution, upset the despotism of the Palace, compelled the grant of a Constitution and a Parliament, and induced the army to make an affidavit that it would be faithful to it. This sort of made a respectable man of Abdul. No longer denounced as a humbugging and ferocious despot, he was acclaimed as the liberator of his people, while our own King sent a fraternal message of congratulation. For a time all seemed to be going well. The Sultan looked like spending the rest of his days in comfort instead of in fear that somebody would doctor his coffee. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, came another change; the army once more revolted, popped off a few assorted patriots, some by accident and some by design, sent the Young Turks flying, made a terrific din in the streets, and called for the dismissal of the new gang. "Blessed be Allah," said Abdul, "so let it be." Then when they had departed and he felt secure in the seat of the scornful, he didn't care a tinker's cuss for anybody; rejected the proposed new ministers, and selected as Grand Vizier, Minister of War, and President of the Chamber of Deputies gentlemen congenial to himself. What will happen next we know not. But we hope that under the new condition of things, the Sultan will not make a fool of himself. What he has to do is to sit tight whatever happens, so that if the Young Turks should return to pull the strings once more, he will not have to mingle the tears of sorrow with the wine of rejoicing.

It cannot be said that the Moderates have distinguished themselves since the ratepayers gave them control of London. Instead of saving money, they have squandered it; instead of decreasing the debt of London they have increased it; instead of pulling down the rates, they have put them up, and this despite the fact that they have had the advantage of using Progressive balances. Moreover, Mr. Hayes Fisher, the L.C.C.'s Finance Minister, candidly says that he "cannot encourage the ratepayer to look for any diminution in the amount which the Council must annually ask from him for some time to come." After all the promises we had, this is somewhat disappointing. We were told *ad nauseam* that the electric tramways did not pay, but it is now admitted that even after providing for interest, sinking fund charges, and renewals, there is a surplus of £44,557. On the other hand, a deficiency of £43,695 is shown on the horse lines, which the Council has insisted on running. The truth is that the L.C.C. is overburdened with duties for which it is quite unfit; and Education is one of the first things which should be taken out of its hands.

Now that the cocoa manufacturers have at length told us where they have decided *not* to buy cocoa, perhaps they will be good enough to inform us where they buy their vanilla for making vanilla chocolate —or is their knowledge limited to the supply of *vanillin*, which is obtained from coal tar products?

One of our readers tells us that last year he lost his father, who is buried in a town on the East coast, where a tombstone was erected by his fellow-workers as a mark of respect. Desiring to have an inscription placed upon the stone, the family, after consultation, instructed a stonemason to carve the words, "His children shall arise and call him blessed," but as the original Scriptural words are, "Her children shall arise and call her blessed," the vicar will not allow the inscription. We are afraid the reverend gentleman is supreme in such matters, but it is a ridiculous decision, all the same.

Will readers kindly note that the Fourth Edition of "Bottomley's Book" is now on sale at all newsagents and booksellers?

WORRIED LOOKS.—XXIII.

THE BOBBY AND THE BOY.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating in a report of a case, that a fowl which had been sold for human consumption had probably died a natural death, or at best, "HAD BEEN SLAIN TO PREVENT ITS DYING,"

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advertisement: "*Found* YOUNG *goat; if not claimed immediately will be* OLD,"

THE DUBLIN DAILY EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing the following as the subject of an address by the Rev. C. A. Voysey, M.A.: "*Culture, or how to lift the masses in a* NUTSHELL,"

THE AUTHORITIES OF THE DODDRIDGE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "*deceased's* NAKED *body was found on the opposite side of the river. Among the property found upon him were eight £5 notes and drafts on a bank for £75.*'

THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a report of a bank swindle, "*When Mr.* —— RECEIVED *a polite note requesting him to call at the bank, he was not to be found,*"

THE MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "*two years ago, Horace Potts was driving a tramcar in Wakefield, with musical tastes,*"

THE OBSERVER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating at Taunton that "*his father was an Englishman qnd his mother a Welsh*MAN,"

MR. FRANK SMITH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "FIVE *of the visitors fell into the hands of the police for being drunk. The* QUARTETTE *made the acquaintance of the magistrates,*"

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "*on Friday* NIGHT *last, yet another house was broken into* IN BROAD DAYLIGHT,"

THE READING STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "*yesterday* MORNING, *a defendant was charged with being drunk and disorderly on the promenade yesterday* AFTERNOON,"

THE LIVERPOOL DAILY POST AND MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its legal column that "*one or both of the parties to a proposed marriage must* RESIDE IN L. *for 15 days,*"

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing the following in a serial story: "*The Senator would appear to be conferring a favour on the object of his elderly affections. For Oriensia was the penniless child of* HIS WIDOW'S *brother,*"

THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating at a Golf Club meeting, when being questioned regarding some articles missed by a member, that "*the Committee had examined the contents of the empty lockers only,*"

AN OFFICIAL OF THE COWGLEN GOLF CLUB
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a report of a musical entertainment given at Bingley Hall that "*There is plenty of novelty in the selection, pieces one* SELDOM *hears, mostly of a* POPULAR *character, interspersed with violin and other solos, &c.,*"

THE BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

ADMIRAL FISHER MUST GO.

HOW HE HAS ABUSED HIS POSITION.

By An Observer.

It is ardently to be hoped that the pressure that is being brought to bear upon the Government to consent to an enquiry into the methods by which the Admiralty has been governed during the past five years will be successful.

Enquiry Imperative.

An enquiry of this nature is absolutely imperative unless the nation is prepared to hand over its fleet to the uncontrolled autocracy of one sailor, a thing that is manifestly undesirable, no matter how eminent that sailor may be. From the moment that Admiral Sir John Fisher assumed the reins as First Sea Lord, he has exercised a control quite inconsistent with the constitution of the Board and of the traditions of his office. The fleet is no longer administered by the Board of Admiralty—but by Admiral Fisher.

Fisher and Scott.

In no direction is this fact more clearly to be seen than in the distribution of appointments. Rear-Admiral Scott was permitted to hold his position as Second in Command of the Channel Fleet under circumstances which would have been quite impossible under any other First Sea Lord. Admiral Sir W. H. May, then Second Sea Lord, was strongly of the opinion that after the famous "signal incident" Lord Charles Beresford and Rear-Admiral Scott could not possibly work harmoniously together in the same command. At a meeting of the Board of Admiralty at which this incident was discussed, Admiral Fisher was not present, and the unanimous decision of those who attended was that Sir Percy Scott should either be transferred to another position or temporarily placed on the half-pay list until a fresh appointment could be found for him.

The minute to this effect was placed before the First Sea Lord in due course. Fisher at once cancelled it in high indignation. Scott had been his nominee for the position, and he was there "to keep an eye on Beresford." This was not said, of course, in so many words, but it is what was generally understood in the Service. A lieutenant in the Navy has recently been dismissed his ship for making what was held to be a disparaging remark about his commanding officer. Fortunately this is a rule that does not obtain in the higher branches of the Service, or at least two flag officers and more than half a dozen captains would have had the same treatment meted out to them for the criticisms of the ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet—criticisms, be it added, that were deliberately encouraged from headquarters.

The North Sea Manœuvres.

The case of the combined manœuvres of the fleets in the North Sea last year is even a more flagrant example of the kind of thing that has been going on at the Admiralty lately. Beresford, by his dispositions was bound to achieve an easy victory over those who were opposed to him. By wireless telegraphy, however, Admiral Bridgeman, commanding the attacking fleet, was warned to keep out of Beresford's way, and not to attempt an action. Consequently, the two fleets never came into contact during the whole of the operations. It may, of course, be merely coincidence, but shortly after the close of these operations, it was announced on what seemed to be good authority that Admiral Bridgeman would be appointed to the Board of Admiralty at the first opportunity, an announcement that has just been verified.

Fisher and Keppel.

Another illustration of Admiral Fisher's methods and the manner in which he has abused his position, to stand in the way of the promotion of those who might have caused him annoyance, is supplied by the case of Admiral Sir Colin Keppel. By common consent, Sir Colin is one of our finest sailors, but all his applications for a command at sea or a post at headquarters have either been bluntly refused or entirely ignored. He remains, therefore, Commodore of the Royal yachts, with practically no work of any kind to do for nine-tenths of the year. The fact, too, that on the occasion of the visit to Reval the *Alexandra* had one of the blades of her propellers carried away through striking some floating wreckage, was laid to Keppel's charge, though, as a matter of fact, he had as little to do with it as had Fisher himself.

Naval Attachés Disregarded.

The same tale has to be told with regard to our Naval attachés abroad. Over twelve months ago, the Board of Admiralty was expressly warned by our naval representative in Berlin that the German authorities were preparing to accelerate their construction programme and that Krupps were to increase their works to a vast extent. This document is still in existence, and could be produced if necessary to those with authority to call for it. A special meeting of the Board of Admiralty was summoned, at the initiative of Admiral May, to discuss the new situation that thus arose. Admiral Fisher, however, resolutely declined to accept the statement as correct, and poohpoohed the whole idea. By sheer weight of obstinate will-power he broke down the opposition of his colleagues, and by means of his usual threat to throw up his position if he failed to get his way, he carried the day. The First Lord cannot, however, be acquitted of blame in this matter, and subsequent events have shown that Mr. McKenna would have been better advised had he taken a firmer stand and had impressed the views of the majority of the Sea Lords upon the Cabinet. It was more in accordance with the attitude of the Government, however, to accept Admiral Fisher's assurances on this occasion, and the need for the increase of our building programme was staved off for a time.

The First Sea Lord finds it quite impossible to brook any opposition to his will. No matter how strong may be the weight of opinion against him, he is perfectly convinced of his own infallibility. He was very fortunate in having a First Lord like Lord Tweedmouth, never in the best of health during the whole of the time he was at the Admiralty, otherwise he might not have attained his present ascendency.

Fisher and May.

On only one occasion has Fisher had to capitulate to a colleague, and this was when Admiral Sir W. H. May put his foot down firmly a couple of years ago, and declined to allow Fisher to interfere with his orders in a matter that concerned his department alone. May is a man of very few words, and when he returned Fisher's revision of his Orders, he pencilled a few words that plainly told the First Sea Lord to mind his own business. The usual argument took place, but May stuck to his guns and would not budge an inch. Fisher then showed his intense displeasure by remaining away from the Admiralty for over a week.

The Issue.

The issue is now plain. Either Sir John Fisher must agree to administer the Admiralty as one of the members of the Board and not as an absolute monarch, or he must make room for someone else who will. This decision, moreover, is one that cannot be allowed to be delayed much longer. He must mend his ways—or go

AN AMENDMENT TO THE CHILDREN ACT.

By T. Murray Ford.

My friend Boniface was standing at the door of "The Friend of Man," looking so glum that I was forced to halt and ask him what was the matter.

For reply he waved a massive hand right and left, directing my attention to a number of small children. There were three little chaircarts each holding one, and two perambulators each with a double load. A child of ten nursed a baby and scolded a brat of two years of age, while several others played listlessly in the mud. I counted fourteen in all, left out in the cold drizzle that soaked one's clothes.

"Oh, the new Act!" I remarked, "children not allowed in the bar."

"They were nuisances enough there," Boniface said, with a growl of displeasure, "but here——"

I expressed my sympathy. Boniface is usually genial. Probably that is why he does so much business.

"I can't keep the mothers out," he complained, "so long as they're sober and well conducted. I can't build a nursery, haven't the space; and if I had they'd leave them with me all day; so here I am forced to see these poor little neglected kiddies fretting for their confounded mothers, and I can't put 'em by the fire to dry 'em, when they're soaking in consumption and rheumatism."

"It's the law," I observed, lamely, for it appeared to me that Boniface seemed to think that I was somewhat to blame. I frequent "The Friend of Man" for a game of billiards, and, as I never drink anything stronger than ginger beer, I am classed as a teetotaler.

"The law!" retorted the publican, scornfully, "the law, indeed. The idiots who worry us poor licensed victuallers to death aren't those who were taken to a pub. when they were little. Those who were, don't complain, they're none the worse for it. No, sir, a lot of theorising, interfering idlers must needs tamper with laws that have stood firm for generations, and make things worse by it. But look here," he added, with a tone of triumph in his voice, "my friends and I are drafting out an amendment to the Act, and we have sympathisers in both Houses who will take care of it. Wait a moment and I'll read it to you. It isn't put into proper Parliamentary lingo yet, but that's nothing. We'll have that done soon."

He went inside and a moment later asked me to come into the bar parlour.

"There's no one there," he said, "and the sight of those kids outside upsets me. I've had nine of my own, and I'm fond of kids in a general way."

I followed him to his bar parlour. He held a piece of foolscap paper, and, as soon as I was seated, he eyed it proudly. He gazed into it quite a minute before he began to read.

"An amendment to the Children Act of 1907. No child under the age of 16 shall be allowed to enter any insanitary or ill-kept house, nor any room visited or frequented by any person or persons of ill behaviour, such person or persons to be considered to be ill-behaved if they do not keep their homes and persons clean and tidy, or if they use blasphemous or foul language, or if they drink to excess, or scold, quarrel or fight, or if they be noted liars or scandalmongers, or of gross or greedy habits, so that the children may not imitate such ill behaviour.

"Furthermore, no child under the age of 16 shall live with or consort with any person or persons not in good health, or of good temper and disposition, and it shall be a criminal offence, punishable as hereinafter stated, for any person to use foul or blasphemous language before any child, or who shall ill-conduct himself or herself in the presence of any child."

Boniface put the paper on the table and looked triumphantly into my face.

"How's that?" he asked, beamingly. "Isn't it thorough? I made it up."

"Does you credit," I said, and waited, for I saw that he was bursting to explain matters.

"You see," he went on, "if we want to keep the kiddies from learning what they ought not to learn, and seeing what they ought not to see, we shall have, in nine cases out of ten, to bar them out of their own homes."

"Rather a serious matter," I risked.

"All laws are serious matters," he returned sharply, "so we can't be too serious. You go to the average home. Sometimes father or mother gets drunk, not on licensed premises, mind you; we stop that sort of thing; but there's nothing to prevent them from getting drunk at a club, or a friend's house, or at a pastrycook's, or from going to a grocer and getting a bottle to take home and boozing there. You've only seen the moderate drinking that goes on at a well-conducted pub., but there's a lot of heavy drinking going on at other places. Now, not one of these parents is fit to have charge of a child, or even to associate with an innocent kid."

"Agreed," I said, with necessary brevity, for Boniface was in the stirrups now.

"Then look at the dirt. See the sloppy mothers of the poorer streets. They're horrible. Among the middle classes they do make a show in the afternoon, but lots of them are very untidy in the morning. Not good examples for little kids who copy all they see."

"Also agreed," said I, and listened once more.

"Then the language. There's nothing a kid picks up so quickly as bad language. Now, just consider how many men of your acquaintance never use bad language."

"I'm afraid I can't remember one at the moment," I said, nor could I think of one.

"Then how many couples quarrel? Such a large percentage that, if I stated it, you'd tell me I exaggerated," Boniface continued; "and how many lose their tempers before the children, and how many more make the children suffer because of their temper? Thousands, sir."

"Agreed again," I said.

"Now, tell me frankly," Boniface asked, "how many homes do you know where a child is taught nothing but what is good?"

"Oh! come now," I said; "I'm not an inspector. Besides, where can you find a place within the meaning of any Act where a child can see no ill-temper, hear no bad language, know nothing of drunkenness, see cleanliness insisted upon, tidiness enforced, and good temper the order of the day?"

Boniface smiled, a wide, fat, happy smile. "I was coming to that," he said, cheerfully; "I've thought it all out, and we are going to put it into the amendment. The only place that I know where drunkenness is forbidden, bad language checked, bad behaviour promptly stopped, and cleanliness insisted upon—is the bar of a public house."

I happened to think of an appointment that I might reasonably have had, and left hurriedly, and as I went I heard Boniface's fat laugh gurgling over,

"That'll make old Whittaker sit up!"

WORKHOUSES AND LUNATICS.

We have received the following suggestive letter:—

You have lately called attention to some lunacy scandals. May I remind you that our workhouses are also very convenient places for the reception and detention of persons that are not wanted by their relatives? I was for some few years a Guardian of the Poor, and know of what I speak.

I have in mind now a girl who was a poor, dull-witted child, but perfectly innocent and harmless. She regularly attended a Sunday-school and a place of worship, and was as orderly as others. But she was motherless, and her father evidently did not want her. He applied and got permission for her to go into the workhouse. I should say she was about 15 years old then. The Guardians then charged the father one shilling per week for her maintenance, and had a difficult job to get that, though he has for many years, and does now, earn good wages.

Some little time after the girl's admittance to the workhouse the father married again. The girl grew up a strong girl, and was found to be very useful in the House, and there she is to this day doing the work of a strong woman. I protested again and again, but all to no purpose. The father did not want her, and she was found useful, and therefore kept in the House, where she is likely to remain to the end of her days. I submit there never has been any good reason why the girl should have been admitted to the House, and I look upon it as a scandal that she should have been made a virtual prisoner for life simply because she was in the way at home and found to be useful to the guardians. I do not want my name mentioned in connection with the matter, but am prepared to give name of girl, her father, and all particulars if required.

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AN OFFICER, BUT NOT A GENTLEMAN.

AN INDIAN ARMY SCANDAL.

In *Truth*, of April 14th, there appeared an article entitled "A General under Fire," in which some of the incidents relating to a quarrel between Brigadier-General Rimington and Major D. B. and Mrs. Patton-Bethune were disclosed. The article is for the most part concerned with the personal aspect of the quarrel. We propose to make the story more complete, but our main object is to treat it from the public standpoint, believing, as we do, that it discloses a state of affairs gravely reflecting upon Army administration.

Major Patton-Bethune was formerly in the Rifle Brigade, and is now on the reserve of officers. At the time to which we refer he was residing with his wife in a house in the Cantonment at Secunderabad, and Brigadier-General Rimington had recently taken over the command of the Cavalry Brigade. Both the Major and his wife were very popular, and Mrs. Patton-Bethune took a prominent part in the theatrical and other amusements of the Cantonment. At the last of the theatrical performances the General was only conspicuous by his absence, and, subsequently, when his absence was alluded to in the course of conversation at an At Home given by a regiment on the station, Mrs. Rimington allowed it to be understood that she and the General had absented themselves because they had found out that the Major and his wife, or one of them, had been guilty (1) of dishonesty with reference to the theatrical accounts; (2) of foisting themselves upon the officers of the 33rd Cavalry under false pretences, and (3) there was a "shady past" in the life history of Mrs. Patton-Bethune. Naturally Major Patton-Bethune took immediate steps to vindicate his wife and himself. He demanded retraction and apology, and, finally, it was arranged that two gentlemen—one acting for the General and one for the Major, should meet and try to arrange a settlement. The officer selected by General Rimington was the Brigade Major—Major Mathews—and the spirit in which his principal had instructed him may be gathered from Major Mathews' statement to Colonel Little, who was acting for Major Patton-Bethune:—"The General," said the Major, "will not apologise, and the day your man issues a writ for slander he will turn him out of Hyderabad." The negotiations came to nothing, and, true to his threat, General Rimington expelled Major Patton-Bethune and his wife. On the 7th July General Rimington issued an Order under 211 1 (b) of the Secunderabad Cantonment Code, directing the Cantonment Magistrate to "exclude from the Cantonment Major and Mrs. Patton-Bethune within 72 hours of the receipt of this notice by you." A copy of the Order was served on the Major and his wife, with a covering letter from the Cantonment Magistrate, ordering Major Patton-Bethune and his wife "to leave the Cantonment by 10 a.m. on the 10th July."

This was the first instance on record of the Regulation in question being applied to a white man, much less a white lady, and what it means will be gathered when we say that the chapter which includes it is headed "Suppression of Mendicity and Loitering, and Removal of Disorderly Persons," and Section B of par. 211, says that the power is not to be exercised "unless the Commanding Officer of the Cantonment thinks that the presence of the person in the Cantonment is dangerous to good order or military discipline." General Rimington, without giving any reason whatever, classed Major Patton-Bethune and Mrs. Patton-Bethune amongst those disreputable persons who trouble the well-being of camps, and who are to be got rid of at any cost. This atrocious action on the part of General Rimington was rendered more abominable, if that be possible, by the fact that at the time the order was given Mrs. Patton-Bethune had not recovered from weakness consequent upon confinement—her little boy having been only born a few days previously.

Major Patton-Bethune at once wired to the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and the G.O.C. 9th Division, General Sir James Wolfe Murray. Sir James Wolfe Murray, who, we may say, had known Mrs. Patton-Bethune from her childhood—his own children being her playmates—at once suspended the Order, and afterwards cancelled it.

Mr. Norton, the eminent Calcutta counsel, to whom the matter was submitted by Major Patton-Bethune, thus describes General Rimington's conduct:—

> I see no redeeming trait in anything General Rimington has done. He has abused his authority; he has mis-used his powers in order to wreak a private vengeance under the guise of acting in defence of public tranquillity.

We need not dwell upon what followed. General Rimington is a bully upon his own admission, but sometimes even the bully admits his error and does what he can of his own accord to repair it. Not so General Rimington. It was only after he had been told by those whose opinion he could not ignore that unless he submitted he would be "broke," that he gave in. Major Patton-Bethune took up a position which he maintained consistently throughout, and which was the only one that he could take, having regard to his wife's honour and his own. He demanded three apologies, and these in the end were given. *Truth* has given one—perhaps the least important. We will give the others. Here is the apology to Mrs. Patton-Bethune:—

> Bolarum, August 9th, 1908.
>
> I hereby tender my unconditional apologies to Mrs. Patton-Bethune for my order July 7th, 1908, expelling her from the Cantonment of Secunderabad under Section 211 1 (B) of the Cantonment Code. I am now convinced that no foundation existed at any time for its issue.
>
> (Signed) M. F. Rimington.

And here is the apology to Major Patton-Bethune:—

> Bolarum, August 9th, 1908.
>
> As the G.O.C. 9th Secunderabad Division rescinded the Order issued by me, I therefore hereby tender the expression of my regret and unconditional apology to Major D. E. B. Patton-Bethune, of Clayton Priory, in the County of Sussex, late Rifle Brigade Reserve of Officers, for my order of expulsion from the Cantonment of Secunderabad, dated July 7th, 1908, under Section 211 1 (B) of the Cantonment Act. I admit the Order was unjustified and unjustifiable, and that there existed at no time any foundation for its issue. (Signed) M. F. Rimington.

In addition, General Rimington paid Rs. 4,500 to Major and Mrs. Patton-Bethune as costs.

Here, it might be thought, the matter would have ended. The General had admitted most reprehensible conduct; his victims had accepted his apologies; the two ladies had met; and the two men shaken hands. So far as Major Patton-Bethune and his wife were concerned they thought it was over and that henceforth they would be able to pursue their way unmolested. But General Rimington and his wife were of another mind. Shortly after the settlement an At Home was given by Mrs. Stephens, the widow of General Stephens, and at this At Home the Patton-Bethunes were present, and so were the General and his wife. Immediately the General saw Major Patton-Bethune and Mrs. Patton-Bethune he went up to his hostess and said to her, "Turn that woman out," pointing to Mrs. Patton-Bethune. To which Mrs. Stephens replied, "Who are you referring to?" "Mrs. Patton-Bethune" was the reply. "You must choose between us." To which Mrs. Stephens answered "Certainly. Shall I send for your motor car? But you will kindly take tea first, as I wish no scene at my At Home?" The General went, and Mrs. Patton-Bethune remained. But in a place like Secunderabad, the life of a man, and still more of a lady, who is boycotted by the General in command is unbearable. Two courses were open to Major Patton-Bethune and his wife; the one to take action for slander, and the other to leave Secunderabad. As we think, they wisely took the second course, and so far were the Government of India from thinking they deserved blame that they placed at their disposal accommodation in a home-coming transport. They returned to England in the *Rohilla*.

We now come to the gravest matter of all, from the public point of view. During the quarrel between General Rimington and Major Patton-Bethune the cause of the latter had been warmly taken up by the officers of a regiment serving under General Rimington's command, stationed at Secunderabad. Just before the events we have related, Colonel Grantham, the Commanding Officer of the regiment, had, in the ordinary course of his duty, sent in a confidential report on a subaltern. It was the yearly confidential report. This report was very favourable, but it was returned to Colonel Grantham by

(Continued on page 474.)

What is a Clerk?

An article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business. Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the Proprietor of any Business large or small.

If any man that reads this question should himself chance to be a clerk he would undoubtedly be indignant if we were to give as our definition of a clerk—"the man who failed." Yet such is the case if we examine facts with an impartial mind. Men who succeed make definite positions for themselves. They become managers, salesmen, travellers, experts of some kind or another. But the clerk remains just the clerk, because he has no qualification which enables him to do anything more than office work of a more or less mechanical order.

"Yes," we shall be told, "but there are many men who, although they are simply clerks, possess sufficient ability and sufficient brains to make them capable of commanding success in other directions."

Exactly so. There are many clerks who could be successful in other directions, but the fact remains that they are not. Why? Why do they remain in the ranks of

the clerkly failures?—

for the very over-crowding of the ranks of clerks and the average poorness of the pay proves that they are the mass of mediocrity and failure from which the clever and capable few have been sifted out.

It is not that the clerk has no ability, but it is that he has never learned to apply that ability. Anyone who takes the trouble to inquire into the source of success will at once receive a very convincing demonstration of the fact that to-day *it is knowledge that wins*. In other days, influence and the simple virtues of punctuality, steadiness and sobriety were sufficient to ensure a man regular and mechanical advance in his business, but now this is no longer the case. The only men that move up are the men that increase their knowledge.

There is no college, or institution, at which commercial knowledge or information of that sort that a man needs in order to better himself in business can be acquired, but recently there has been published a book which is of the utmost value and importance to any and every man engaged in any kind of business, trade or profession. It is a book of which Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons wrote: "We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is the work *par excellence* for every business man."

The book we refer to is

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to get a better position.

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.....

General Rimington with the intimation that "owing to recent events" (*i.e.*, the quarrel between the General and the Major) he—General Rimington—"desired the report to be altered." Colonel Grantham indignantly refused to make any alterations, and General Rimington had to accept the report as it stood. Then the General "went for" the Colonel. He wrote a most vindictive report upon him, saying that his conduct was bad in many ways, and that his regiment was in anything but a satisfactory condition. Now, Colonel Grantham had been in command of the regiment for seven years, and almost immediately after this report upon the Colonel was made, the regiment was inspected by Lord Kitchener, who was so pleased with its appearance that he said it was one of the smartest regiments he had seen, and to show his appreciation of it he asked Colonel Grantham if he would select an officer so that he could give him a staff billet. Colonel Grantham thereupon selected Captain Anderson, who was there and then given the appointment. Upon becoming aware, as by the Regulations he was bound to be informed, of the nature of General Rimington's report, Colonel Grantham immediately demanded a Court of Enquiry, and, in making the demand, explained the facts of the case to Sir James Wolfe Murray, commanding the 9th Division. The result was that Colonel Grantham was informed that General Rimington's report against him would be destroyed and no record kept for future use. In other words, Sir James Wolfe Murray knew that if it came to a Court of Enquiry the General would come to grief, and to avoid the Court of Enquiry, and so save the Brigadier, he caused the report to be destroyed!

Now, we put it to Members of Parliament and others interested in the efficiency of the Army in India, as at home, whether a man guilty of the conduct we have exposed in this article is a fit and proper person to command British troops, and we ask this without forgetting Brigadier-General Rimington's record in the field. When Major Patton-Bethune came home he placed the whole of the documents bearing upon the case before the Army Council and some three or four months afterwards he got an acknowledgment of his communication. Here it is:—

War Office, London, S.W.,
February 6th, 1909.

Sir,—With reference to your letter of 29th October, 1908, regarding the action taken against you and Mrs. Patton-Bethune by Brigadier-General M. F. Rimington, C.B., commanding the Cantonment Brigade at Secunderabad, I am commanded to acquaint you that careful enquiry has been made into the matter and the Army Council find that it has already been dealt with by the General Officer commanding the 9th Division in India.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
(Signed) R. H. Brade.

The "General Officer commanding" referred to in the above letter is Sir James Wolfe Murray, and all that Sir James Wolfe Murray did in the matter was to try to save the face of General Rimington. General Rimington remains in command at Secunderbad, and it is apparently the opinion of the Army Council that he has done nothing inconsistent with the character of an officer and a gentleman. We venture to say that that will not be the opinion of those who read the statements of this article—statements resting one and all upon documentary evidence before us as we write.

By Royal Warrant

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THE DALKEY QUARRIES.

HAVE THE GOVERNMENT FORGOTTEN THEM?

By an Irishman.

One rises up in arms against the Irish-American when he shouts "burn everything English except English coal," but it would probably be unpatriotic to kick against our highly patriotic Government when they boycott things English, and send the taxpayers' money to the foreigners. Whole armies of our unemployed cry to the Government for bread, and they are given a stone—Norwegian granite, to be precise.

That Rosyth contract affair has been attacked in the papers, and the spenders of the nation's money have been lectured. Same old cry in return: "We have done our best for the taxpayer. We couldn't get the right stuff at home, and have been driven by circumstances to send heaps of British money to Denmark."

It would be insulting to the average coster's donkey to compare some of our supposed departmental brains' carriers with him. As an example, who is supposed to remember the fact that the Government itself owns one of the most famous granite quarries in the world, and that instead of throwing away huge fortunes on foreign granite they should have saved the people's money by working their own stone—at the same time giving employment to a host of men who are at present starving? The Dalkey Quarries are situated within a mile or so of Kingstown Harbour, and they contain probably millions of tons of the very finest stone. Some of the granite helps to form the Thames Embankment, some is to be found in great Government buildings in London; and experts say that it has more than held its own with all its rivals. Above all, the piers of the great Royal Harbour of Kingstown are built of the granite, and anybody who knows Kingstown Harbour is aware that the piers to-day are as fit and as strong, and as new-looking as they were when built over half a century ago.

When some time back a syndicate of Irishmen offered to buy the quarry at Dalkey for the purpose of privately working it, their offer was refused by the Government of the time, the reason given being that later on the State would want the granite for the purpose of building another harbour, or other Government works! Why was this fact forgotten when the great experts of the Government department set out to find granite for Rosyth? Here we have a most magnificent stone, the property of the Government. The quarry is connected with Kingstown Harbour by a tramway that could be put into repair for a trifle; and therefore it would only be necessary for us to make our own blocks, trolley them down to the Harbour, and ship them up channel. Hundreds of British men would have found work in the quarry, and the enormous price of the granite required would have been saved. In fact, to put it shortly, the British taxpayer would have had the works at the new base at Rosyth for the cost of the labour only! After that, if the jacks-in-office owned Government coalfields, it would not be surprising to find them sending abroad for their coal supply.

One wonders what the Irish members of Parliament were about when this scandal was on the carpet. There is Mr. J. J. Clancey, M.P., for instance. Why, he can look into the quarry from his back window! Possibly the "pathriots" were too busy looking after the needs of the anti-graziers, or scheming to have the constabulary vote reduced because Mrs. Mary Murphy, of Ballyslough-gutthery, was fined a shilling for allowing her sow to roam at large on the highway. However that may be, the fact remains that through the ineptitude, or ignorance, or something else, of those responsible for the spending of the nation's money, one of the most amazing blunders in the history of our spending departments has been committed, and poor old John Bull has to pay for it.

If popularity in former years can be regarded as a guarantee for future success then the new 1909 chocolate competition, instituted by Messrs. Cailler's, which is just starting, will enjoy an unprecedented measure of favour. The popularity of Messrs. Cailler's former competitions has been such that this famous firm are this year announcing a list of prizes that easily surpasses in liberality anything that has ever been offered. The conditions of Messrs. Cailler's former competitions were extremely simple, and our readers may rest assured that the present competition will be governed by the same simplicity of conditions, although now the awards are greatly enhanced in value. Wrappers for the four quarterly competitions during 1909 must be sent in before April 30th, July 31st, and October 31st, 1909, and January 31st, 1910, respectively. Wrappers should be tied together, and should be marked with their face value, together with full name and address of competitor to Cailler's Competition Offices, 8 and 10, Duke Street, Liverpool.

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CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-
WITH SEVEN BLADES

TOO OLD AT 36.

By F. Ward.

Name, John Smith; clerk; aged 36; married; five children.

Twelve months ago that described me. Now—!

Starting as office boy, I worked up by industry and intelligence to clerk, at a salary of £2 per week. At 25 I had saved enough to marry, and I chose my life-partner. We were both members of a church choir, and so had many opportunities of seeing each other. The wedding was a quiet one; we took a small house, furnished it with necessities, and year by year gradually added to it.

Up to last year there were four children; this year the baby arrived. Before that, however, something happened. The dear old "governor" suddenly died. Christmas passed, the New Year commenced. One day the manager introduced the eldest son as the new "head."

Mysterious interviews occurred between him and the manager. At last the bolt fell. We were summoned to hear "a statement." Briefly, the old governor's kindly disposition had attracted a good deal of custom; this had partly fallen away. In the opinion of the "head" a reduction in the staff was imperative. Six of us received a month's notice.

The wife was using all her spare time just then in "looking over" some of the dainty little garments which would be wanted ere long. Her health was unsettled, so I dared not tell her the truth. The month passed; every day I searched the newspapers, wrote letters, made calls, interviewed friends and acquaintances. Promises generally qualified, I had many; nothing came of them. In due course I left, carrying with me twenty years' good recommendation.

A month later the "affair" at home occurred. The wife was ordered away, and somehow it was managed for a fortnight. Naturally we were not without a few pounds saved; but after clearing up everything, including doctor and nurse, the balance was not large. We had lived comfortably, not extravagantly; household expenses seemed constantly increasing. I prudently gave a quarter's notice, so as to be on the safe side. Always a good walker, I tramped in every likely direction in search of a job day after day. Wherever I went there were generally scores like myself—most of them older, of course. Everywhere the same answer: "References excellent; salary wanted reasonable; too old." Too old at 36!

We sold or pawned most of the big things and moved into three rooms in a back street. I suppose the change affected the children most; anyway, one of them sickened—and died. I see now it was for her good; I did not then. "Grandmother" took another; that left two—and the baby. It was such a wee mite; and when later it grew thin and pale—the doctor said "breast-starved"—well, another coffin became a necessity. This time I think my wife's heart broke; somehow it is always the last who seems to take most of a mother's love.

But broken hearts have to be forgotten when cleaning and washing are required. She managed to get a few days each week, which helped to pay rent.

Unfortunately you can't go in and out of wet gardens in thin shoes without catching cold. Some coughs can be cured; her's turned to pneumonia. So it came about I made the acquaintance of the workhouse officials in the infirmary. Later on I remember sitting at her side; there was a screen round her bed. Dear heart, the sun was just peeping in when I kissed her alive for the last time.

It was just a common pauper's funeral. I don't know if it was called consecrated ground, but—well, she rests there.

A friend managed to get the boy into a home. The remaining girl went out as a mother's help when not at school. Of course, I gave up the rooms; in certain circumstances you may be lucky enough to sleep at Rowton House; if not, there are always the Adelphi Arches—not forgetting the Embankment. I wonder if those who built it thought how popular it would be—when too old at 36?

With haggard face and clothed in rags, looking for a job is sheer folly. Fortunately I had saved my violin. Playing outside public-houses would be more remunerative, if only the kindly-hearted gave money instead of beer.

How it happened I don't know. "Being drunk and begging" was the charge. The punishment of seven days was a trifle; unfortunately the violin disappeared.

* * * * *

I recognise now my country has no further use for me. I have destroyed anything likely to lead to identification. My pockets are full of stones, and the moon is shining on the water. I will wait till she goes behind a cloud.

Good-bye—and God help all English citizens when too old at 36!

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XL.

Does the following appeal to any reader? If so, we shall be happy to put him in communication with the writer:—

> Just five months ago my wife (who was the daughter of a well-known solicitor, but of incurable intemperate habits) fell downstairs while under the influence of drink and severed the spinal cord, and died four days after the sad occurrence.
>
> I am left with three little girls, aged respectively 10, 8 and 6, and the terrible disgrace and mental strain during the time named have practically broken down my health and strength.
>
> During the past four months I have suffered from insomnia in its worst form, getting, on an average, about 2½ hours sleep per night or early morning.
>
> As I do not wish, if possible, to place my little ones in a pauper home, as they have been so far brought up tenderly and trained to refined ideas, I thought I might, if a suitable little paragraph item could be inserted in your paper, find some kindly disposed childless couples who would be glad to adopt the two younger ones. I may here remark my salary as a draughtsman is, in these competitive times, a very small one, and owing to the shattered state of my nerves, I am not, as hitherto, able to supplement my income by outside work. Further, the present general depression in business circles may mean that my services will be dispensed with shortly, and then the worst must happen to the little ones. Being practically friendless I have taken the liberty of troubling you as a *dernier ressort*. Should you accede to my proposition I would come to any reasonable arrangement with any applicants who might write to you for my name and address. If only temporarily taken care of it would be a great blessing and relief and enable me to regain some of my lost energy and nerve, and I trust again be able to work and battle for the children.

With reference to "Human Document No. XXXIX." which appeared in our issue of April 10th, we have to thank many of our readers—individuals, firms, and companies—for having asked to be put in communication with the writer in the belief that they may be able to offer him employment. We have placed him in communication with them, and we hope to hear shortly that he has found employment by means of one or other of these introductions.

We have also to thank a correspondent who desires to remain anonymous for a cheque in favour of the writer to whom we are alluding, which we have had pleasure in forwarding to him.

IMPERIAL TIES.

Oh! Canada, our Empire State,
Your sons are seeking fame;
Where'er the white men congregate
They blazon forth your name.
They boast of their Imperial strain
And shout it to the sky,
But for a berth in your domain
"No British need apply."

From Vancouver to Montreal
One notice do we read,
Although your provinces do crawl
With men of "dago" breed—
In every journal plain and pat
This wording meets the eye,
"Some hands required for this or that,
No British need apply."

In every paper that I scan
I read of stabbing frays
Committed by the "dago" man
Who crowds your dollared ways;
He fills your town and country jails,
Alas! this is no lie;
But still the notice never fails,
"No British need apply."

This that I state is but too true,
I've seen and therefore know.
Hark! when the clouds of warfare brew
And blood begins to flow,
'Tis then you'll miss the sturdy stock
Which now you do decry,
And advertise—to meet the shock—
"All British may apply."

G. P.

OUR OPEN LETTER TO SIR SAMUEL CHISHOLM OF GLASGOW.

A FORCIBLE REJOINDER.

Sir Samuel Chisholm, of Glasgow, to whom we recently addressed on Open Letter, writes :—

Let me as shortly as I possibly can deal with these insinuations and charges. I mentioned three distinct cases of attempted bribery. The first was that of a would-be applicant, who asked a magistrate well known to be opposed to an increase of licences, if he would take £200, and his holidays in the month of April, when the Licensing Court held its sittings. Now, I frankly acknowledge that, though I perfectly believe that to be true, yet had it been the only case of which I knew, I would never have mentioned it. It was an occurrence to which there were no witnesses, the two parties alone were privy to it. I knew the magistrate, my informant, to be perfectly reliable, but I also knew that in all the circumstances of the case there was no possibility of successfully taking action in the matter.

The second case was that of a magistrate on whose desk there was left by an applicant for a licence an envelope enclosing £50. At that time I was Chairman of the Licensing Bench. The magistrate referred to, on opening the envelope and discovering the £50, immediately brought it to me as chairman. I gave it to Sir James Marwick, the legal adviser of the Bench, and the whole circumstances—name of the applicant, name of the magistrate, were disclosed and dealt with in open court.

The third case was that of a publican applying for another licence who gave £600 for the purpose of being distributed amongst the members of a Licensing Bench. I was Lord Provost at the time. After the sittings of the Licensing Court were over, the publican referred to, who had failed to get his licence, came to my room and told me his story—how he had paid £600 to a certain gentleman for the purpose of being used to secure the granting of the licence for which he had applied, and how he now said he had been duped. He showed me the evidence in his possession that he had actually paid the money. The party implicated was a member of the Town Council. I consulted no one, but sent immediately for this colleague of mine and told him what I had heard. In a manner which did not favourably impress me he denied the charge. I said, in that case it would be his duty to raise an action against the publican in order to clear his own character, as I could not have a charge of this kind lie against any member of the Corporation of which I was the head. This he promised to do, but did not, and the case was dealt with in the *Criminal Court*.

We confess that Sir Samuel Chisholm's letter puts a different complexion on the matter.

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, MY JO!

(A Long Way After Robert Burns

Joe Chamberlain, my jo, Joe,
When we were first aquent
Protection was a babe in arms,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld Joe,
Your locks are touched by time,
Pray blessings on your head to grow
Joe Chamberlain, my jo!

Joe Chamberlain, my jo, Joe,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, Joe,
We've had wi ane anither;
We maun not totter down, Joe,
But hand in hand we'll go
Until we reach Protection,
Joe Chamberlain, my jo!

C. H.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

We have received from the Pioneer Press a copy of a remarkable book, entitled "Ralph Cricklewood," by Stephen Fitz-Stephen. It gives a very vivid account of the mental evolution of a clergyman, who is convinced by study that many of his former religious beliefs are not founded on fact. We think we are betraying no secret in saying this is the actual experience of the author. Persons of all shades of religious belief, and no religious belief at all, may derive much intellectual benefit from a perusal of the book. The book is published at 3s. 6d.

TRADE NOTE.

For the convenience of the travelling public "Wincarnis" is put up in 1s. flasks and sold by hotels, licensed houses and railway station refreshment rooms.

This is a very handy form for travellers, as the flasks are specially made to fit the pocket easily.

"Wincarnis" is both food and drink, and those who are apt to tire on a journey will find it very refreshing and sustaining, whilst its stimulating effect will not re-act on the system.

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10 Years Old...	11/-	
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Carriage Paid to nearest Railway Station.

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15 Years Old	26/6	52/-	25/6	per Gal.	25/-	per Gal.
10 Years Old	21/6	42/-	20/6	"	20/-	"
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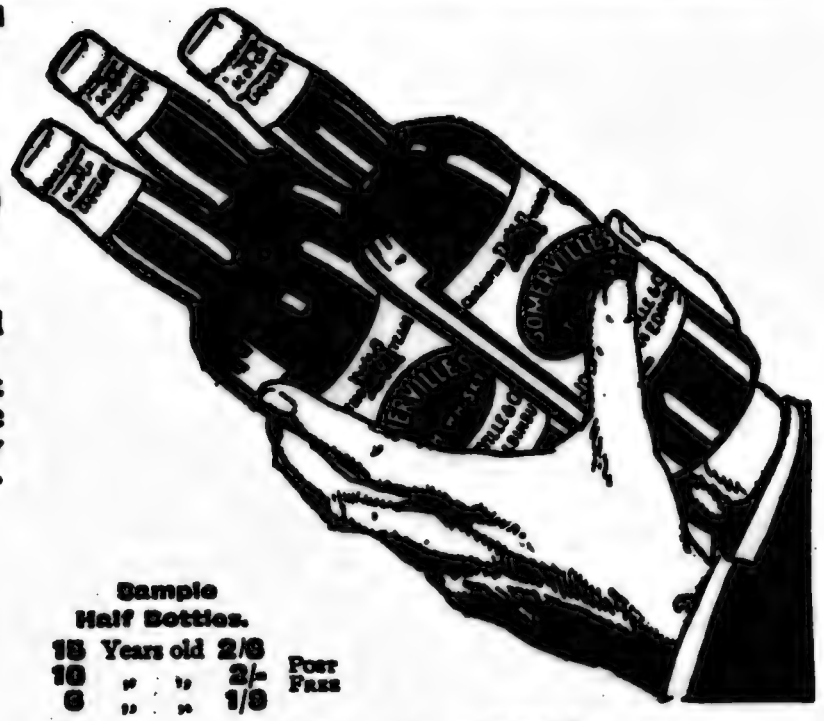

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6 " "	1/6	

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Name.....

Address .....

THE CHANCELLOR'S TASK.

By T. Hallett Fry.

III.—INCOME TAX, RECEIPTS, MOTORS, COAL AND SUGAR.

I have already dealt with one phase of the income tax, I now propose to deal with two others. Without any increase of the basis rate, much additional revenue may be raised. We are not yet at the end of our resources as a nation. Revenue may still be collected in almost innumerable ways and from sections of the community and from commodities little regarded as yet by Chancellors of the Exchequer. I am going to suggest first of all, that we tackle the problem of the foreigner who is too often immune from income tax, despite legal liability. We all know how favourably he is treated. If he resides abroad, although he may have £50,000 a year from sources other than British sources, yet if he receives only £500 a year from here he is considered a proper subject for an abatement, and is only called upon to pay on £350 of this latter total. Further, if he receives dividends or interest through British agents of foreign principals upon the sum total thereof, he is entitled to total exemption. These are fairly obvious advantages possessed by the foreigner resident abroad over residents here. But let us take the case of a foreigner precisely similarly situated to a Britisher—*e.g.*, both of them residing abroad. Even in this case, the foreigner gets certain advantages, inasmuch as he is entitled to total remission of tax deducted in respect of colonial loans. Accordingly he gets every halfpenny which is deducted from such loans returned to him, and on making a claim for abatement, he is allowed to discard this income altogether. Neither of these advantages appertains to the Englishman, who cannot recover on the colonial loans, and whose abatement is reduced or annihilated owing to his possession of them. But the question of coupons is the most serious matter. It is a fact not unknown to Stock Exchange men, that there is, now, a considerable demand for bonds. I suggest that this demand is occasioned by the possibility of evading, and indeed the determination to evade, the burden of income tax. The interest on these bonds is paid by coupon and, as the coupons may often be presented at a large number of financial centres, if our British resident chooses to have his coupons collected for him at a Continental centre, he will evade the impost altogether. Perhaps the greatest offenders in this way are persons who have some knowledge of the foreign centres, that is to say, travellers and foreigners who have taken up their residence here. It is not too much to say that something very like a regular business is carried on by persons who cash coupons abroad in order to, for their own benefit and for the benefit of the real owners of the bonds, effect the income tax saving. As a rule there is not much difficulty in saving every penny of the income tax where bonds are possessed and, if additional burdens are to be set upon the shoulders of those who possess capital, it is exceedingly probable that the long list of financial centres where these coupons can be presented and where income tax is lost will tend to increase. The list includes Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Frankfort, Hamburg, Cologne, Bremen, St. Petersburg, Geneva, Lisbon, and so on, and at all these places someone reaps a benefit at the expense of this Government. It is very difficult to suggest any satisfactory means of preventing this annual loss. International arrangements may become more common, but it is difficult to see even then how the leakage can be stayed if the collectors of coupons thrive and, themselves foreign subjects, present them in large numbers at foreign centres. The Inland Revenue must look to it, that the evasion does not assume enormous proportions. Perhaps until we adopt a system of deducting some fixed rate of tax on the face of all the coupons attached to bonds issued here, we shall not collect more than a small proportion of this revenue legally due.

Income taxpayers number just a little over one million. This is not one-fortieth part of the population. It is not a fair proportion of the population. There is only one way of increasing the number and that is by decreasing the amount of the exemption. I submit that the exemption limit should be lowered from £160 to £150. By this means and by making the employer of labour primarily liable for the income tax recoverable from his employees, a large block of revenue would reach the State without increasing the expense of collection to the extent of one

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Fountain Pen
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is to hoard his money, but it is of no use to him. The astute business and professional worker hoards his time, and the more he saves in time the more he gains in wealth and health. The time saver at the desk is Waterman's Ideal, and it does away with all slower, older forms of writing. It is by far the best Fountain Pen.
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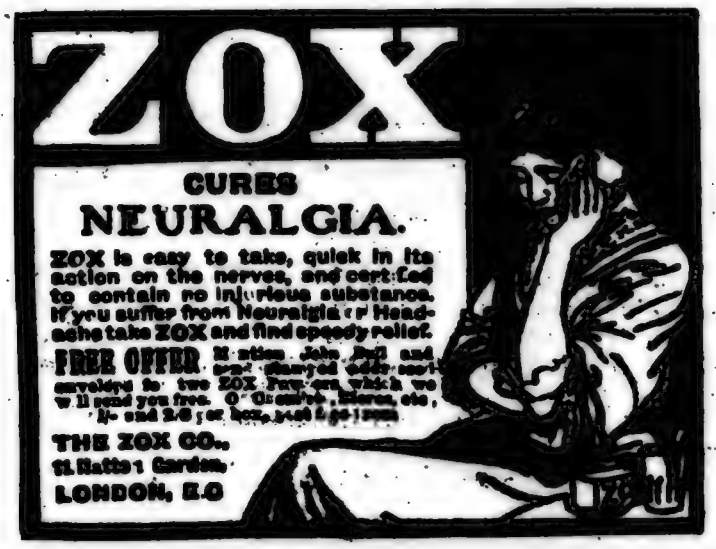
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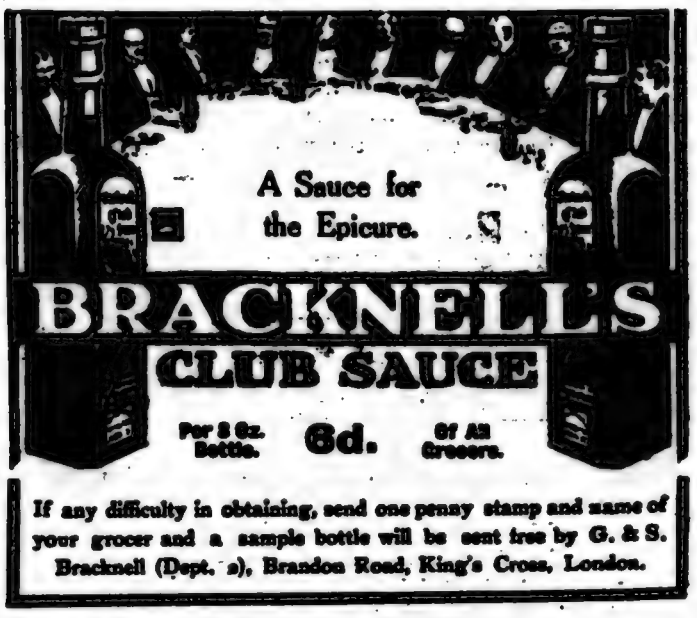
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penny. Indeed, the expense of collection would be greatly reduced. Whereas to-day collectors have to run about to find thousands of employees, in the future the tax would be collected in large blocks from employers with fixed addresses.

Compulsory Receipts.

Whilst considering the question of salaries I might point out that under present conditions scarcely any salaries, even though they exceed the amount of £2, are answered by a stamped receipt. I submit that the requirement of the law should be, not that a receipt for a sum of £2 requires a stamp, but, that every payment of and exceeding £2 necessitates a stamped receipt. The revenue from this last suggested change would be great indeed. Let us for one moment examine the case. Imagine only one million salary earners receiving £2 each week or over, that is to say 52 million payments in the year. An answering receipt for each of these payments only would bring in upwards of £200,000 to the Imperial Exchequer. I will not elaborate this further, but the possible yield of enforced receipts in cases of payments of every kind exceeding £2 may prove suggestive to the Chancellor. The increased yield from the lowering of the exemption limit and from the consequent necessary reduction of the abatement on incomes not exceeding £400 from £160 to £150; from the collection in respect of salaries *via* the employer; and from the increased Stamp Duty owing to the change advocated would not be less than two millions sterling. The increase would largely exceed this sum in the years to come.

Motors and Motor Cycles.

I submit that the taxation of motors and of motor cycles is inadequate. The reasons are fairly obvious, and it is not necessary to recapitulate them. Whether the taxation should be governed by weight as at present, by purchase price, by size of tyres, by speed, by horse-power, by petrol consumption, by seating capacity, or in whatever way, it is obvious that more revenue should be collected in the case of this luxurious nuisance, which throws added charges on local authorities for road repairs and dust prevention. If we maintain the weight basis then I submit that a license duty in respect of cars up to one ton of £5 5s. and of £10 10s. per annum in respect of cars exceeding this weight, should take the place of the present rates of £2 2s. and £4 4s. respectively; and that licenses in respect of motor cycles should be increased from 15s. to 30s. These changes would bring in £250,000 additional revenue in the year 1909-10.

Export Coal Tax.

I submit to the Chancellor that he should consider carefully the advisability of putting back the export duty on coal. If we dig out one of our principal capital assets and despatch it abroad, why should we not take an easy revenue for an irreplaceable capital loss? There is not the least need to fear that the revenue from this tax will decline for many years to come. The out-put has been a gradual but decided crescendo. The tax would yield about £2,250,000 sterling, and if it applied to all coal indiscriminately, with the exception of bunker coal, the yield would at once be upwards of £2,500,000.

Sugar Tax.

To help to balance the account, let the Chancellor put back the farthing tax on sugar, which will bring £4,000,000 sterling into the national coffers. Certainly the individual consumer did not receive any direct benefit from the reduced rate, and it may be doubted whether he will be affected detrimentally by the proposed addition, which will go far to meet national necessities, such as pensions for the aged.

FOURTH EDITION NOW READY.

BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK.

"THE BOOK OF THE YEAR."

Popular Edition 1/-

Bought and Sold Everywhere.

EVERY : PIPE : SMOKER : OF EXPERIENCE knows that the tobacco he wants must have these three qualities—*coolness, aroma,* and that subtle property one terms *flavour,* for lack of a better description. Otherwise it will not do. Of the three, *coolness* is least often found. Yet it is essential, for a man cannot burn his tongue and please his palate. In

Chairman

the three are found in combination. It is a fine mixture that yields a lasting pleasure to the votary of the pipe—always fragrant, always pleasing, cool to the last shred.

It is of medium strength and suits most men's requirements.

Boardman's

is the same tobacco milder, and

Recorder

the same but fuller flavoured.

Sold by tobacconists at 5½d. per oz., and in quarter and half-pound tins.

In case of difficulty write to—

R. J. LEA, Manchester.

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OPEN LETTERS POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To W. G. C. Gladstone, Esq., Hawarden Castle, Hawarden.

Dear Mr. Gladstone,—I see that your absence from the Easter vestry meeting was explained by the rector as being due to your having left for Ireland to "undertake an interesting little office under the Earl of Aberdeen."

You have not long attained your majority, and in due course I shall hope to see you in the House of Commons to carry forward the distinguished traditions associated with a name which has been carved so deeply into the rock of history. It is not very long ago that I saw you, a mere child, in the grounds of Hawarden on the back of a diminutive pony. The child of that day is now the squire of the village, with all a squire's responsibilities and all the opportunities of a man. The G.O.M. loved you well. Let your memories of him and of the place which was at once his haven and his home, inspire you with great ideals and lofty public spirit. John Bull.

To the Participants in the Recent Deer-chase across the Cheddar Hills.

My Fellow "Sportsmen,"—Pardon the liberty I take in bringing you before the public eye, but I cannot let your recent achievement pass unnoticed. Let me tell you to what I refer.

You desired to participate in the pleasures of a deer chase, which was a sane and rational desire. I find no fault with you for that. You imported a live deer, "tame and semi-domesticated," from Surbiton, and let it loose upon Cheddar Head. I don't much like that, but let me further relate—timid, strange and frightened, it had proceeded but a short distance when the hounds caught it. Disappointed at the thought of your "sport" being thus so abruptly terminated, you at once called the dogs off, and the deer, bleeding heavily, sped away towards Stoke Woods. After passing through a railway goods yard, and tearing itself by leaping a barbed wire fence, the terrified animal ran to the moor, and eventually into a river, where the dogs soon surrounded it. In a state of utter collapse, you rescued the animal from the water, gave it whisky to revive it, sewed up its bleeding wounds, then had it removed to be "patched up" in order to provide further "sport" for another day.

Gentlemen! do you call this Sport? I call it brutal, diabolical, barbarous butchery.

Why have you brought the venerable and time-honoured stag hunt into disgrace? Shame on you, a thousand shames on you. My indignation knows no bounds. John Bull.

To E. W. Jackson, Esq., J.P., Chairman of Magistrates, West Riding Court, Doncaster.

Sir,—I suppose every brute in the neighbourhood of your court will pray that you may be on the bench when he is brought up for judgment. You must be about the nicest man to deal with nasty people who ever presided over a court of justice.

In a case before you the other day the defendant was a collier, and he was charged with the ill-treatment of his step-child, two years old. The evidence was that he had systematically ill-used the child for several months. The special instance was that while the mother was out he thrashed the defenceless mite with a strap. "The left side of the face was very much swollen and discoloured, the lower part of the back and thighs were the same. The child was very dazed (when seen by a police officer) as if recovering from a fit, and appeared to have no life in it. It was more like a doll than a living being. Prisoner's reply was that the child was crying and he gave it the strap." A medical man also examined the baby, and said he "found seventeen distinct red weals upon its face, many of them corresponding with the width of the strap produced." A neighbour said that on one occasion "she took the child to her house to get it out of prisoner's way. A month ago she asked if it might go with her little girl, and he replied, 'Yes, take it down to the river and drown it.'" Much more evidence of a similar sort was given, so that it is clear that you had to deal not with a man but with a brute. What then said you? You told the defendant that he "was liable to be sent to prison for 12 months," and you fined him 40s., and "warned him that if he came again he would be sent to prison."

Do you really mean he will be sent to prison if he raises another seventeen weals on the body of that hapless child? Or did you say that merely for fun? What ruffian could have a cheaper practice for his talents? Where else but in your court could he have received more kindly or more considerate recognition? I can almost imagine you hesitating whether you should not have discharged the brute without a stain on his character. How shall the children be protected while such magistrates as you sit on the bench? You may plead that there can be no justice without mercy. Just so, sir. But to be merciful, justice need not be made ridiculous, need not become a derision and a jest in the mouths of ruffians who have no mercy—not even for little children. The only effect of your action will be to make the brute laugh at you—whilst other people grieve. John Bull.

To the Rev. R. F. Horton, Lyndhurst Road Church, Hampstead.

Dear Doctor,—So you have caught another severe attack of Jesuititis, and this time the delusion has taken the form of that well-worn notion that the Jesuits have captured the Press. The only evidence you have produced for this contention up to the present is that the long-suffering editors of this country, who, for the most part, are heartily sick of the fanatics on both sides who seek an entrance to their columns, do not so far forget the duties and responsibilities of their position as to allow one side to have *all* the show. Surely a boycott of Catholic journalists, because they are Catholics, would not accord with your notions of religious liberty?

John Bull.

To Clive Holland, Esq., Lord of Creation.

Sir,—Really, my celebrated author, I sympathise with you. It was too bad of Lady Frances Balfour to describe you in the Scotch language as "a hafflin." We all know that you are a distinguished man, much superior to the suffragettes, and not "a half-witted or half-grown person," as stated to be the meaning of this weird Scotch word. There is every proof of it in "Who's Who," where I notice that your works and good deeds occupy thirty-three lines, whilst Marie Corelli can fill only twenty-seven. Yet surely you made a high mistake in asserting that women were so far our inferiors in literature and art. I notice that you have written twenty-three books, yet only the fame of "My Japanese Wife" has reached me, whereas I fancy that George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward (not to mention others) have achieved greater fame. I notice also that you have written three plays, one of them in four acts—have any of them been performed, or are they famous merely in Japan, and must I wait to hear them in the heavenly kingdom if I cannot visit the celestial? Here, again, I fancy the lady has scored upon you. "Mice and Men," and another play, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," were both, I fancy, inspired by a petticoat—perhaps you have not heard of them? In art, we have Rosa Bonheur and Lady Butler—and others. I am aware, of course, that you possess the artistic idea, and are a famous amateur photographer—there was a full page tribute to your skill in *The Throne* the other day. Yet is not it a fact that many of your best wrinkles in photography were taught you by a Bournemouth lady? Another point which struck me in reading your speech was your rashness in extolling the Japanese lady as a model for us humdrum English folk. Surely you would not be bold enough to introduce her social customs into Beautiful Bournemouth? But what strikes me as even more singular is, that with all your contempt for the weaker sex, you actually possess not merely a wife, but three daughters—is not this a little inconsistent on your part? In conclusion, let me ask you to adopt as your birthday motto (out of compliment to Lady Frances Balfour) a quotation from "Guy Mannering"—"My mother sent me, a hafflin' callant, to show the stranger the gate." John Bull.

Master of the Rolls, London.

Do please stop rise in price bread. *Shall cut up crusty.*

Bull.

General Booth, Salvation Army, London.

Notice your advertisement *War Cry*, inviting investments four per cent. on security of your Promissory Note. I am offering five. Bull.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

TIME THEY "MOVED"?

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on City page be addressed to the City Editor, *67, Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of John Bull *must be received not later than the Friday preceding the week of publication.*

THE LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE CO. (AND OTHERS).

In our issue of April 3rd a correspondent, referring to our remarks on the treatment of their clerks by the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., wrote :—

> Without going so far back as 1902, when the Alliance took over the Imperial and sacked nearly all its staff.

We have received several letters from members of the Imperial staff saying that there is no truth in this statement. The following extract is from a letter we have received from a gentleman who was a member of the staff of the Imperial Fire Office for over 37 years, and went to the Alliance at the time of the amalgamation of 1902. His business career is now terminated, but obviously he knows what he is writing about, and this is what he says :—

> Here is a plain truth. Not a single Imperial man was dismissed in 1902. Everyone—competent or incompetent, clerk or messenger—was taken over and retained except a few who retired on liberal pensions, some at their own request and all with their full concurrence. Many of the men have received large additions to their salaries, no one's pay has been reduced, and all are much better off and far more comfortable than they were at the old office. My great regret has been that I did not spend my best years at the Alliance.

In face of this very handsome testimony to the fair and generous treatment of the staff of the Imperial by the Alliance, confirmed as it is by the statements of other members of the staff, it is only right that we should express our regret that we gave publicity to a statement to the prejudice of the Alliance which has no foundation in fact, and which it is difficult to believe could have been made in good faith by the correspondent who sent it to us.

UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

An Instructive Case.

A case recently decided by the Court of Appeal scarcely tends to increase confidence in the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, an insurance concern of which the "unco righteous" Sir T. P. Whittaker, M.P., is the Grand Panjandrum. We do not say that the concern in question was not within its rights to some extent, for the Law Courts are maintained for those who fancy they have a grievance, as well as those who really have one. However, with the facts given full consideration, we maintain that this attempt to avoid payment was extremely shabby. The details may be briefly set forth as follows:

The United Kingdom Temperance Institution in their prospectus quote rates for policies issued on joint lives, the sum being payable and the premium ceasing on the first death. On the faith of this basis *a policy was issued* on October 8th, 1907, assuring the joint lives of a Mr. C. E. Griffiths and his wife for £500 at an annual premium of £21. The insurance concern accepted the first premium, but then, lo, when Mrs. Griffiths died shortly afterwards, the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution refused to pay up, taking advantage of the Insurance Act of 1874 that a husband had no insurable interest in his wife's life.

It was a mean shuffle, for the husband proved that whereas previous to her death his wife had attended to the household duties and looked after his children, since then he had been compelled to employ a servant. This pleading proved insurable interest so clearly that in the Court below Mr. Justice Pickford at once gave judgment for £500, the amount of the policy. But the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution still sought to shuffle out of its contract by forcing Mr. Griffiths into the trouble and costs of the Appeal Court, where happily—and moreover, in the interests of commercial morality—the judgment was upheld, and the United Kingdom Temperance retreated from Court poorer, wiser, sadder and, we fervently hope, more honourable men.

Now there is more than one lesson attached to the case. It suggests some similitude to the subterfuge of the Gaming Act, pleaded often by unconscionable individuals to avoid payment of their just debts. But the United Kingdom Temperance Institution presumes to be an honourable insurance office, and its managing director is a Right Honourable. Without a word of protest, the Head Office accepted the £21 premium, thus entering into a contract with the insurer, and, no doubt, Sir T. P. Whittaker and his honourable Institution would have just as readily continued receiving the £21 yearly for another nineteen years to come, buoying up the insurer all the time with the false hope that his (or her) £500 was safe, "payable immediately on demand."

There can be no excuse pleaded of want of knowledge, or that the policy was effected by an irresponsible agent, for the United Kingdom Temperance Institution was fully aware of every fact. Yet they seek to evade their contract. They even sought to impose on the insurer a mountain of law costs—merely because he asked for the fulfilment of a contract honourably entered into by him.

The United Kingdom Temperance is a "Mutual Assurance Office," and therefore the money of the policy-holders will be squandered in this shabby fashion.

What faith can any policyholder in this concern have in the fulfilment of his policy's terms after such a case as this? It is creditable neither to the Institution nor its Right Honourable Chairman.

THE BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

A correspondent writes :—

> In your issue of April 10th you invite correspondence from those who have had transactions with the British Equitable Assurance Society.
>
> About seven or eight years ago I "inherited"—I think that is the correct phrase—a little house property, including a small villa, the ground landlords of which were, and are, the British Equitable Assurance Society. But they had not always been, and my experience and knowledge of the property dated back to a period before they acquired their interest in it. When the original lease was granted, of which I am the assignee, the usual covenant as to insurance in an office approved by the lessor was, of course, inserted, and a policy was accordingly taken out in a flourishing and highly respectable office. For some years after the British Equitable became the freeholders the existing insurance arrangements were undisturbed, but a year or two ago some enterprising official in the office caused a circular to be issued to the lessees to the effect that it was the wish of the directors that in future fire insurance policies, which had been running for some years in another office, should be allowed to lapse and that the lessees should take out fresh policies with their ground landlords. Doubtless many regarded this as an official mandate not to be lightly disobeyed, but I pointed out, courteously, I hope, that having complied with the terms of my lease by keeping in force a policy of fire insurance with an office approved by the original lessors, I declined to be coerced by their successors in title to transfer my policy from a Society with whose treatment in the past I was entirely satisfied, to their own. I thereupon received a communication, at which I was not surprised, that it was, of course, not obligatory upon me to adopt the suggestion which had been made to me, but that it was thought, etc., etc. You will not be surprised to hear that the Society in which the original policies were taken out deeply resented this unwarrantable interference with its customers, and itself circularised the policyholders protesting against the action of the British Equitable. One realises that in these days of acute competition, especially in insurance business, an office to succeed must be enterprising, but I venture to think that, in the instance I have brought to your notice, the Society in question exceeded the limit of fair competition and improperly brought to bear influences which no reputable office would countenance.

THE SWINDLERS' PARADISE.

The following advertisement is taken from the *Denver Mining Science* :—

> INCORPORATE
> Your Business
> under Arizona Laws. Most Liberal In U.S. No franchise or annual tax. Members exempt from all corporate debts. No public statements to be published or filed. Capitalisation does not affect cost. Cost Very Small. Charters cannot be repealed by subsequent legislation. Hold stockholders' and directors' meetings, keep books and transact business anywhere. Any kind of stock can be issued and paid up in cash, services or property and made

non-assessable. Book of forms and by-laws, also a 200-page bound Corporate Record book given gratis to each incorporation. We sell stock for and finance newly incorporated companies. Write for our 40-page "Book of Information" on Arizona Corporation Laws, with blanks, etc.—"Phœnix, Arizona."

No statements, no filing, no anything!

We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who have had any transactions with the British Enterprise Insurance Society, Limited, of 42, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

LOTTERY TICKETS.—A. P. (South Lambeth).—As we always persuade our readers not to put their money into these lotteries, we are not inclined to help you to do so by giving you the information you want.

CHAS. W. GORDON AND COMPANY.—OLD SOL (Kentish Town).—The answer is in the negative.

SOUND SECURITIES.—S. F. L. (Aberdeen).—The Government and municipal securities you name are all, of course, good, and there is very little difference in the yield. Both the building societies you name are, according to our information, sound.

GENERAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—A. G. (Perth).—No.

ROMEO SHARES.—A. P. (Glasgow).—All shares are not quoted. We should sell, if you can get a buyer.

BRITISH FINANCE COMPANY.—C. R. M. (Dublin).—We do not.

CLAIM UPON COMPANY.—GRATEFUL.—The proceedings seem to have been very high-handed, but it is impossible for us to say whether A has a claim against the present directors which he could enforce, without seeing all the documents bearing upon the point. You should consult a solicitor.

GOODMAN'S, LIMITED.—T. T. (West Ealing).—The shares are not quoted.

BRITISH TEA TABLE COMPANY.—S. L. (Gloucester).—We fear there is no help for it. If the company is to survive, it must have more capital, and that is only to be got by appealing to shareholders and the public generally. The latter are hardly likely to come in just now, and it is for the shareholders of the old company to come to the rescue if they have confidence in the new management, as we think they may have. As you know, we have been in sharp antagonism with the late board, but they have given place to better men, and, in our judgment, the shareholders should support them in all possible ways. We think there is a fair future forthe company, if it be wisely managed.

PURCHASE OF SECURITIES.—ANXIOUS DEPOSITOR (South Norwood).—Instead of attempting to answer a very knotty legal question, we advise you to keep your banking account with some bank whose solveney is unquestionable—and nothing can be easier—when you will know that your money and securities are perfectly safe.

MINING SHARES.—F. L. (Brooklands).—We do not give "tips" of the kind suggested in your letter.

INDUSTRIAL BANK OF JAPAN.—B. E. D. (Islington).—Yes, we think so, but in your position we should prefer some sound home industrial security, such as the £10 preference shares of Mather and Platt.

J. SAMUDA, LIMITED.—M. S. (Cardiff).—It is good of J. Samuda, Limited, to write to you offering you 17 6 per cent. £1 preference shares of their company at par, together with, "as a free bonus," 8 fully-paid £1 ordinary shares, but we advise you to pass on the offer to somebody else, notwithstanding J. Samuda, Limited's assurance that "the directors are personal holders of over £40,000 of shares." We do not doubt it, but how long they would be the holders, if they could induce you and others to buy their holdings, is another matter.

PARTNERSHIP SCHEME.—GROCER (Nottingham).—We thank you for the book on the Lever partnership scheme you are good enough to send us.

PARIS AND LONDON BANK.—HOPEFUL (Winnington).—Write once more, and, if you get no reply, send us all the papers.

NORTH COAST MINING AND MILLING COMPANY.—A. N. (Manchester).—We have no information respecting this concern.

MOTOR FINANCE.—S. C. (Bolton).—We cannot advise you to act upon the recommendations contained in the matter you send us, which is returned herewith.

KALGOORLIE ELECTRIC POWER COMPANY.—J. V. (Littleborough).—We should prefer another selection.

A.B.C. CAB COMPANY.—M. M. (Edinburgh).—The position of the company is very unsatisfactory.

ORIENT COMPANY, LIMITED.—SAILOR (Canada).—(1) Yes, quite. Do not worry where there is no occasion for it. (2) The Eagle Insurance Company is a flourishing company with a large West-End connection.

MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON.—W. G. C. (South Ealing).—(1) It is respectably conducted. (2) We know nothing about the timber company you mention.

VARIOUS SHARES.—WISHFUL (Norwood).—Of the shares you name, we should prefer the Holborn and Frascati.

MISCONDUCT OF TRUSTEES.—W. A. (Broadstairs).—It is impossible for us to give you any idea of the cost of legal proceedings intended to restrain trustees. Proceedings of the kind are usually expensive.

R. A. SMITH AND COMPANY.—W. H. C. (Perth).—Write once more, and, if you have no reply, send us the papers.

THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANY.—J. C. R. (Glasgow).—We know of nothing to the contrary.

SALISBURY BUILDINGS.—F. T. (Thornton Heath).—We see little likelihood of early improvement.

R. GALLAHER.—J. G. F. (Farnham).—We are glad to know that you have at last got your cheque. We therefore return the papers you sent us.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—C. H. H. (Chepstow).—Have nothing to do with any of them.

CLEMENT'S LEAD MINES, LTD.—ANXIOUS (Greenock).—There is no quotation for the shares, nor have we any late information as to the outlook. Have you applied for information to the Secretary?

STATUS OF WATER CO.—H. E. (Putney).—If you can sell the shares without much loss, we advise you to do so.

CAMMELL, LAIRD AND CO.—SHAREHOLDER (Sheffield).—We advise you to hold. If you sold now you could only do so at heavy loss, and it is reasonable to believe that there will be substantial recovery before long. The dividend record of the Company is excellent. In the years 1899 to 1907 inclusive the dividend was never less than 7½, it has averaged over 11 per cent., and for last year it was 15 per cent. The present unfortunate position is largely due, as of course you know, to certain irregularities on the part of some workmen, which led to the Company being struck off the War Office and Admiralty lists. It has now been reinstated, but only after heavy sacrifices. It is not to be denied that the directors have much to do before they can restore the Company to its old position, but this is by no means impossible if the shareholders support them, which we would very strongly urge you and the other shareholders to do.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CO.—F. H. (Cleethorpes).—Write once more, registering the letter, and tell them that unless you have a reply forthwith, acknowledging the receipt of the remittance, you will take further steps. If you hear nothing of these, send us the correspondence.

WILLIAM MOLDONADO AND CO.—J. P. (Newport).—It is a matter of account with which we cannot deal.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

ANNUITY.—F. M. G. (Birmingham).—With reference to our reply to your question of last week as to the office which would give you the largest annuity for £1,000, we named the National Mutual Life Association of Australasia, which would pay you £93 11s. 5d. The manager of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada writes to us to say that we have overlooked his office, which for the same capital sum would give an annuity of £97. You will be aware that we have frequently spoken with appreciation of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE COMPANY.—ENQUIRER (Roker).—We think you would be quite safe in carrying through the business you mention.

INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—BULLO (St. Pancras).—We cannot recommend it.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. H. R. (Clapham).—We think not.

THE GUARDIAN ASSURANCE COMPANY.—MANTSEW (East Ham).—(1) Yes, the company is of high standing, and its profits compare very favourably with other companies. The shareholders are entitled to one-fifth of the divisible life profits. The company has been very successful in fire, life, burglary and accident assurance business. It does not transact business in the United States. (2) Barclay and Co. are among the leading bankers, and you need be under no fear that, if you open an account with them, you will be treated in any but a very proper manner.

THE PREMIER INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. C. (Wood Green).—We should prefer another selection.

EDINBURGH LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—E. H. (Crouch End).—Yes, it is not only "a genuine concern," but a successful life office, paying excellent bonuses. Its business is confined to the United Kingdom.

EMPLOYERS' MUTUAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.—M. P. (Shepherd's Bush).—We know of no good reason why you should not accept the agency that has been offered you.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—BEN NEVIS (Fort William).—We think that, on the whole, you would be well advised in doing so.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—L. L. (Ruabon).—The company is going backward. The net premium income for 1908 was £124,664, as compared with £127,035 in 1907 and £136,260 in 1900, so with the rent, interest, and profit on investments, which amounted in 1908 to £65,995, as against £75,137 in 1906. The surrenders, on the other hand, show a striking increase as from £5,336 in 1899 to £14,143 in 1908. J. F. A. (Deal).—The company has been established many years, and its assurance and annuity funds, exclusive of paid-up capital, amounted at the date of the last return to £1,758,363, but the assurances, which in 1907 amounted to £303,136, fell to £266,930 in 1908, and the net premiums, less abatements, from £127,035 to £124,664. In 1897 they were £133,893. You will see therefore that the company is not a progressive institution, and we understand that a good deal of their funds is locked up in a house purchase Company, which may be said to be an offshoot of the British Equitable. T. D. (Maidenhead). We are obliged by your letter, but you seem to have contributed to the unfavourable result. F. H. (Stafford).—We are glad to know that the dealings you have had with this company have ended satisfactorily, and that two friends have had a similar experience.

SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—E. N. (Taunton).—If you are not prepared to carry out the conditions of the endowment policy you have provisionally taken out, there is nothing for it but to drop it. The company may, however, well complain that you have given them much needless trouble.

TEMPLE FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—ACCIDENT (Birmingham).—We should not have recommended this company had you invited our opinion before taking out a policy. As to their refusal to meet your claim, if you like to send us all the papers, we will look into the matter.

INSURABLE INTEREST.—HAWFINCH (Lowestoft).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

ALBION ASSURANCE COMPANY.—S. S. (Rhymney).—The answer is in the negative. E. F. B. (Walsall).—The company is in the hands of a Receiver. We cannot advise you to accept the offer of the Mutual Benefit Assurance Company, Limited.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM COMPANY.—F. C. R. (Goswell Road).—Your information is correct. Receipts should, of course, be now given under the different title.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE.—DOUBTFUL ONE (Oldham).—All three are offices of very high standing, but, if you are a temperance man, we should advise you to go to the United Kingdom Provident Institution.

THE MUTUAL LIFE AND CITIZENS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.—SANDY (Liverpool).—Of course, it meets its obligations. The office is of high standing.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. W. S. (Manor Park).—We cannot help you in the matter. The company was quite right not to give you information of a private and confidential character concerning a person assured with them, and this notwithstanding that the assured was your father. Upon the other point we do not see what answer there is to Mr. Thompson's statement as conveyed to you that your father "applied for the surrender value of those policies, which he had a perfect right to do, and we acceded to his application." We return the papers.

NELSON'S PENSION FUND.—G. B. (Horbury).—We should think it very improbable that you will get anything.

MODERN SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—READER (South Wales).—(1) The answer is in the negative. (2) Farrow's Bank is suitable for the purpose named.

THE PROGRESSIVE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—W. M. (Belfast).—We can quite understand your disgust at the constant alterations, but you had better, we think, agree to the proposal contained in the papers you send us, and which we return.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—W. E. J. (Birmingham).—We agree that you have ground for complaint. The advertisement, in the form it took in the paper you send us was distinctly misleading, and the authorities of the society inform us that they regret its appearance, which was due to inadvertence, and will not be repeated. We strongly advise you to avoid litigation. It would be much better to come to an amicable arrangement with the society, which we have reason to believe would be quite possible.

THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—J. M. (Coatbridge).—It is a first-class office for mutual insurance. One of the largest and best of the mutual life offices.

SOVEREIGN FRIENDLY COLLECTING SOCIETY.—A. P. (Llanhilleth).—We have no information respecting this concern.

ROYAL LONDON MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY.—E. A. B. (Sutton).—The scheme seems a good one, and the standing of the company is high.

SCOTTISH ACCIDENT, LIFE AND FIDELITY INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. G. (Cardiff).—We know of no reason why you should not take up an agency with this company.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—BRIDGEND (Edgware Road).—Pay no attention to the rumours. The Company is steadily progressive. Its total premiums in 1908 amounted to £514,329, as against £134,732 ten years earlier. Taking the same dates, its rents, interest, and profit on investments have gone up from £5,097 to £15,692, and its Assurance and Sick Fund, exclusive of paid-up capital, from £163,896 to £519,309.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—A. L. C. (Newport).—You have taken the figures relating to ordinary insurance, but the U.K.T. gives special advantage to total abstainers.

PAYMENT TO COMPANY.—E. J. R. (Kingston Cross).—If you had not been paying for any time, we should be disposed to cease paying.

HAPHAZARD JUSTICE.

A PLEA FOR STIPENDIARIES.

By A. H. M.

[*We insert this plea with a saving clause in favour of the Bench of City Aldermen.*—Editor.]

The severe and inhuman sentences so frequently passed by our Benches of Magistrates, make one wonder how much longer we are to tolerate this haphazard and equivocal dispensation of justice. The savagery of sentences passed by some Benches for trifling offences, and the amazing leniency meted to other offences of a heinous and revolting nature, are both the natural outcome of the present system.

Until recent years the magistrates were recruited mainly from the landed proprietors of the country, who verily looked upon the earth as the Lord's and all that therein is, with the result that offences such as poaching or the theft of firewood were treated with barbaric severity. With increased knowledge and the cult of humanitarian principles the power of the magistrates was checked, but it was, and still is, in their power to inflict severe sentences for these offences, and in many parts of the country to-day it is an unwritten code amongst country justices of the peace that poaching shall be put down with hard labour; while these same administrators of justice will allow a man to nearly beat to death his wife, or his pony, or his ass, or anything that is his, upon payment of a small monetary consideration. In other words, he buys a licence to practice cruelty and, moreover, gets the unusual privilege of credit. Inconsistent and irresponsible as is this justice of the country magistrate, there is one thing to be said in its favour—the judgment is usually free from corruption, and whether the sentence is severe or trivial it is rarely influenced by the personality of the defendants.

But now to turn to the other side of the question. To-day the ranks of the magistrates are recruited largely from the class of successful tradesmen who have been cute enough to blend political zeal with their commercial success. There is also a large leaven of *ex-officio* magistrates, who, regardless of any qualification for the post, occupy a seat on the Bench by reason of their office as Mayor, or as Chairman of an Urban or Rural District Council. I believe it is a fact that the chief reason for the appointment of this class of magistrate was that an alleviating influence might be exerted upon the inherent savagery of the country justice in dealing with poaching cases. In this respect their appointment may be justified, but taken broadly the remedy has proved worse than the disease by lending itself to the perversion of justice.

It happens in this way. A man is summoned, we will say, for cruelly ill-treating his horse. Upon receiving his summons he hurries off to his grocer, who as Chairman of the Urban District Council is an *ex-officio* justice of the peace, and lays his troubles before him. The grocer, honest man, is desirous of keeping in favour with a good customer, sympathises with him and minimises his guilt. Thus reassured the defendant-to-be remembers that his household supplies need replenishing, and having seen to this he goes off to call on his doctor, a permanent justice of the peace. His doctor sees in him a profitable patient, and he too is overflowing with sympathy. Then it suddenly occurs to the man that he owes his baker a little bill, and he leaves the doctor to go and settle up and enlist the sympathy of another justice of the peace, or he may think to call upon his wife's draper, who is a bigwig in the chapel he professes to attend, and for his moral and political soundness has been elevated to the Bench.

But what is the result? The farce of hearing the evidence is gone through, and if the facts are too stubborn to be entirely ignored, a mitigating circumstance is thrust forward and the Bench inflicts a penalty that is altogether incommensurate with the gravity of the offence. Now, what occurs when it is a poor beggar who is hauled before the Bench for sleeping out, or some similar heinous crime? He is not a customer or a patient; he has never applauded the bigwig of the chapel when his political fervour has inspired him to address a public gathering; consequently, justice must be done, and he goes down for fourteen days' hard labour in default of paying a fine.

Another reason for much of the injustice meted out is the appalling ignorance of many of the magistrates of the law which they are called upon to administer. Even their legal adviser, the magistrates' clerk, is not infrequently utterly bewildered, and often through sheer incapability, indifference or bias, allows the deposition of inadmissible evidence. I have known cases in which the magistrates' clerk was the family lawyer of the prosecutor. The poor devil of a defendant has had a rough time. Frequently, too, it happens that a man only escapes sentence because he is able to engage a clever advocate.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

THE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT JURISDICTION.

A rather important question has been settled, anyway for the present, by the ruling of the Court of Appeal in the case of Tomalin *v.* Pearson and Sons, Ltd. The point was whether the Workmen's Compensation Act runs outside the United Kingdom, and apart from certain special protection given to seamen. Messrs. Pearson and Son, Ltd., the well-known contractors, engaged a workman by a contract entered into in England to work at Malta. In the course of that work he met with an accident which was fatal. The widow claimed that as a dependent she was entitled to compensation against the employers by reason of the accident which made her a widow. The County Court Judge upheld her claim. From that decision the respondents appealed, the only question for the Court of review being whether in point of jurisdiction such a claim could be maintained. The Court held that it clearly could not. It was a question of the ambit of the Act, the scope of its operation. Lord Justice Farwell pointed out that the claimant was seeking to enforce a statutory obligation which does not exist outside the United Kingdom even in the case of seamen. When the Legislature expressly desired to include them, it limited the persons who are alone to be entitled to the benefit of the Act. This interpretation of the law inflicts hardship in individual cases, but there can be no doubt that the Court of Appeal has correctly interpreted the intention of Parliament.

SHAREHOLDERS' LISTS.

The dismissal of the appeal against Mr. Justice Warrington's decision that the Gas Light and Coke Company was bound to supply a list of the names and addresses of its shareholders to a shareholder was expected. The facts are simple. A Mr. H. P. Davis, secretary to more than one gas and water company of a sort, bought £100 Stock of the Gas Light and Coke Company, and immediately afterwards applied for a list of the names and addresses of its shareholders. This was refused on the ground that it was believed that Mr. Davis required this information for the purpose of circulars affecting the concerns with which he is connected. It was held by Mr. Justice Warrington, that inasmuch as the law requires companies to furnish lists of the kind, it was not open to the Gas Light and Coke Company to nullify it by refusing simply on the ground of motive. It was not for the company to search for a motive; its duty was to obey the law. The Court of Appeal has now held that this is the correct interpretation of a company's duty, and if a different decision had been arrived at, we may be sure that a very large number of secretaries of companies would have found some sort of reason to justify their refusal to give information as to the names and addresses of shareholders. Parliament gave the right to shareholders to demand this information for very good reasons, and though at times the right may be abused, like everything else in this world, it is to the public interest that it should be maintained unimpaired.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Employment Agreement.—E. G. L.—The clause is valid, and we do not see how you can successfully evade it.

Land Purchase.—L. R. D. (Essex).—You are liable for the expenses incurred.

Receipt for Rent.—W. C. (Bow).—No one but the landlord or a committee appointed under the Lunacy Act to manage his affairs can give a legal discharge for the rent. You should refuse to pay until you get a proper receipt.

Loan on Policy.—Triton.—The wife cannot borrow on the policy unless it is her absolute property, which does not appear to be the case from what you say.

Statute of Limitations.—Low Water.—Unless the man has acknowledged the debt within the past six years you cannot recover.

Divorce.—F. H. B. (Hackney).—A wife cannot get a divorce for misconduct alone in England. She is entitled to a judicial separation.

Furniture Storage.—F. W. (Kingston).—You must pay the sum claimed before they can be compelled to give up the cabinet. Postal replies only when stamped envelope is sent.

Damage to Shop.—A. L. A. (Spitalfields).—The owners are liable for the damage done, and you should issue a summons against them.

Injury to Servant.—B. K. (Paddington).—The employer is liable to pay proper compensation and wages, and you should consult a solicitor if he does not agree to pay.

Making-Up Streets.—E. A. (Redcar).—The owner for the time being is the person who can be made liable by the district council, and we should advise you to have the money handed over to you, or else to insist on the road being made up.

Doc's Railway Fare.—W. H. B. (Addiscombe).—As the fare paid by you was irrespective of any other charge, you cannot be made to pay more unless the contract you signed is so framed as to entitle the company to enforce the charge they claim.

Intestate's Property.—Undecided (Cumberland).—You do not say whether the property is freehold, as, if it is, it should pass to you as the only son, and not to the widow. You should give your solicitor all the information you possess, and he will get all the information as to the mortgage. You should inquire if estate duty was paid on the house and land.

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E W C . . .	291 15 0	H H	280 0 0	W J G . . .	261 5 0
C F P . . .	104 14 0	H H R . . .	175 10 0	R G S . . .	150 0 0
G H H . . .	245 0 0	J D	165 0 0	L P E . . .	125 0 0
G H G . . .	131 0 0	T S M . . .	130 0 0	W C	125 5 0
T W P . . .	100 0 0	G R P . . .	120 0 0	R J C . . .	157 0 0
P L E . . .	330 0 0	E R P . . .	112 0 0	J A B . . .	300 0 0
W C . . .	192 0 0	J H K . . .	106 10 0	S P E . . .	130 0 0
G E A . . .	106 7 9	W C . . .	180 0 0	W C	152 17 9
J J C . . .	160 0 0	C G B . . .	157 10 0	O M W . . .	152 0 0
Mrs. E L . .	131 2 4	H B	114 0 0	W C	175 0 0
J M C . . .	256 7 0	Miss D V . .	127 10 0	A O A . . .	130 0 0
W C . . .	242 4 8	F S	117 16 6	R G F . . .	100 0 0
Mrs. M . . .	100 4 6	H H	125 0 0	S A R . . .	107 9 2
W C . . .	124 0 0	A B	179 3 4	T C M . . .	125 0 0
J J W . . .	136 5 0	W C	124 10 0	N P E . . .	100 0 0
N O R . . .	145 0 0	W C	106 0 0	C G B . . .	135 0 0
S M O . . .	100 0 0	S H O L . .	100 0 0	P E G . . .	145 0 0
G R R . . .	125 0 0	M C	187 0 0	A U	119 0 0
W C	500 0 0	S M J . . .	140 0 0	R J C . . .	118 15 0
Mr. D V . .	106 5 0	W C . . .	202 10 0	W P C . . .	100 0 0
W C	250 0 0	C J W . . .	109 5 0	T J H . . .	338 0 0
J H G . . .	315 0 0				
R D	310 0 0				
W A H . . .	150 0 0				
Mrs. H . . .	100 0 0				
W C	250 0 0				
L P E . . .	100 0 0				
J W	100 0 0				
A B	115 0 0				
C G B . . .	100 0 0				
C J W . . .	145 0 0				
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THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

THE COMEDY OF THE LOST LEADERS.

If I were asked to name the most distinctive characteristic of Socialist Conferences I should say that it is the natural capacity of their delegates for rowing in the same boat. The recent Conference at Edinburgh appears to have been more entertaining in this respect than usual, the net result being that Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., and the gentleman who edits the *Labour Leader* have cast themselves overboard and swum away, leaving the rest of the crew without compass or rudder to drift whither they will. I recall the day when the I.L.P. was a party of one, attired in a red tie and taking Parliamentary shelter under a tweed cap. But in the chances and changes of politics much has happened since then, and at this present moment it is in the waters of tribulation all on account of a vociferous youth who dines well and adores an evening suit.

I can well understand that Mr. Grayson is well satisfied with the turn events have taken. It is no secret that Messrs. Hardie and Co., Limited, who have hitherto handled the tiller and arranged the course of the ship, went to the Conference determined to either secure his surrender or stop his wages. They succeeded in stopping his wages, "at the end of the present Parliament." But this did not satisfy them. They inserted in the Report a paragraph stating that it was useless to arrange meetings for him, and it was referred back by a majority of 23. On this Messrs. Hardie and Co. resigned from the Administrative Council. For all practical purposes being thrown overboard and jumping overboard is the same thing, and for the moment Mr. Grayson probably rejoiced that he was not without company as he floundered in the deep sea.

But in a little while the Conference did another quick turn. The prompt resignation of Messrs. Hardie and Co. took its breath away. It hit the delegates below the belt. One after another began to protest that nobody intended to censure them, or snub them, or tread on their corns, or do or say or think anything except what was nice, and grateful, and proper; and lo! had my juvenile friend closed his eyes, he might almost have imagined that they were on their knees as those that pray. But Messrs. Hardie and Co. are subtle, and wily, and know the game, and in their hearts they laughed a great laugh. They insisted on their resignations, and prayers and flattery alike fell on deaf ears. For they had the Brotherhood of Man in a deep hole. Looming ahead is the General Election; the new brethren who would have to fill their shoes would gaze into empty coffers. And £10,000 is wanted. Hardie and Co. had a mighty yearning to see Grayson and Co. grasp that nettle.

Such is the comedy (and tragedy) of the lost leaders. I cannot say that it attracts me towards the Brotherhood of Man and the Oneness of Everybody. I am not saying that the blessed manifestations of brotherly love are not as possible to a young gentleman who adores an evening suit as to an old gentleman who reveres a cloth cap and a tartan necktie. But mature study of the infinite possibilities of this fleeting life convinces me that neither of them single-handed or both of them together will be able to reach down the Millennium from the shelf of Time while the manifestations consist in tearing each other's hair. I am as much in need of a Millennium as anybody, always on the supposition that there is something in the way of cash and cushions to be got out of it. I am even not unwilling to buy my share of *Dreadnoughts* and aeronaughts and other engines of warfare, in order to get it. But if Hardie and Co. insist on fighting Grayson and Co. to decide which of them is to start the machine I fear that Millennium will be postponed *sine die*.

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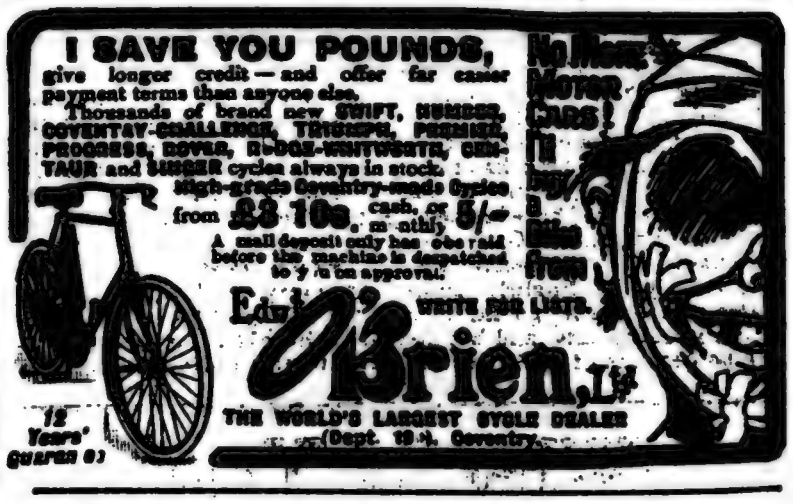

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Mr. Preedy and the Countess."

Claude Carton's play is wholly delightful. Claude Carton's play is genuinely clever! The author rattles off the brilliant dialogue with such consummate art that his audience is kept on the perpetual *qui vive* of excitement. Laughter is one long and continuous ripple and, in fact, two more fascinating companions that "Mr. Preedy and the Countess" are not to be found in any London theatre at the present moment.

But then you must understand Mr. Carton's play is *acted*; his lines are *spoken* and not murmured like the indistinct purring of a self-satisfied pussy cat. I loathe that undecided impressionist school, and it is an intense pleasure to listen to such artists as Miss Compton and Mr. Wenson Grossmith, who both let themselves go with that natural restraint of art that so entirely and absolutely convinces.

It is the presence of such admirable artists as these on the stage together which leads us to pause and wonder if it is really true that the skill of playwriting is on the downward grade, or is it that under-acting has got such a firm grip of our English stage that the fate of our theatres is trembling in the balance.

I am not going to tell you the ingenious way Mr. Carton ties all his amusing characters up into a knot, or the amusing way he unties them again, but if you go to the Criterion Theatre and come away without having enjoyed the merriest time you have had for a long while, you have no sense of humour.

"The Devil" at the Adelphi Theatre.

In his adaptation of "The Devil" Henry Hamilton has done his work well—so good indeed are some of his lines that it is a thousand pities they should be wasted on such poor material as Mr. Francis Molnar has supplied him with.

It is a dangerous thing for any author to-day to compete with such a genius as Goethe, and Mr. Molnar cannot be said to have come through the ordeal with flying colours.

"The Sorrows of Satan," when produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, was not a grand success, and the Hungarian author has chosen a mixture of this same subject and "Faust"—only with less detail, and treated it with as little subtlety and *finesse* as occurred with the unfortunate dramatisation of Marie Corelli's famous novel.

"The Devil" has not even the advantage of being original, and shows us a sordid subject at its worst.

The rôle His Satanic Majesty plays throughout is a ridiculous one, and one feels from the beginning that the characters he tempts to destruction would have rushed headlong on the downward path, just as readily without his brimstonic interference—in fact they were already half there before his arrival.

From a melo-dramatic point of view it is well acted, by Mr. Lyn Harding as the devil, but for Mephistophelean Machiavelianism his performance is too crude, too emphatic. There is no imagination—all is the hard acting of a villain in melodrama.

Miss Alexandra Carlisle looks charming, and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh is excellent in a small part.

Miss Marie Dressler.

Surely Miss Marie Dressler has been ill-advised! She came to this country about eighteen months ago, receiving—so it is said—a large salary and an enthusiastic reception. So popular, in fact, did this American comedienne prove that she decided to remain in England indefinitely.

Unfortunately, for all concerned, her recent season at the Aldwych Theatre turned out a financial failure, which doubtless explains the extraordinary statements Miss Dressler is alleged to be making through the columns of the American press concerning England and its people.

To one journalist she is reported to have stated:—

> As an individual an American in England may make as much of a hit as one wishes, but as a star in an American play the English hate us. They hate Americans.
>
> I knew they needed and felt they wanted a funny show. Heaven knows they haven't got in all England three funny people outside of Parliament, and that is a continuous laugh. That is the reason I produced there. When I did produce they laughed from the time the curtain went up till it fell. Despite all that, my show had no more chance to live than England has for a future. Any people that are so narrow, so prejudiced, jealous and vain must cease to be a nation. The educated people there are the suffragists. How different in God's country!

Considering the hearty way in which Miss Dressler was received by the English public at every performance, these statements, if true, go far to indicate that gratitude is not one of her strong points, and her attitude is hardly a wise one should she be desirous of again visiting this country professionally.

What Is Your Number?

(See Page iii. of Cover.)

An Electrician

Influenza, Weariness, Exhaustion

From the first word to the last, the experiences published in these columns prove the immense gain, in health, prosperity, and happiness, which unfailingly results from the use of Phosferine. The Royal commands are quite as appreciative as the recent testimony of innumerable celebrities, such as Henry Farman, the famous aeroplanist, Caruso, C. B. Fry, Apollo, &c., all of whom declare that Phosferine has enabled them to do more and better than others. Grateful as all these distinguished people are, there is a still more remarkable guarantee of the universal energising efficacy of Phosferine in such typical letters as that of Mr. Mahony the electrician. The deadly ravages of influenza fastened on Mr. Mahony, and caused him the most distressing apprehension, until a timely recourse to Phosferine remedied the baneful disorder.

Permanently driven away.

Mr. P. Mahony, 649, Green Lanes, Hornsey, N., writes:—"Phosferine has proved so great a friend to me, in a severe and serious attack of Influenza, that I could not, out of common gratitude, resist giving you some particulars of my experience. My symptoms seemed to include everything, spasms of shivering, headaches, irritating incessant discharge from the eyes and nose, a cough that seemed to tear and lacerate the chest, and kept me awake night after night, and such an indescribable feeling of utter weariness and exhaustion in every part of the system, that it seemed as though it could only have one ending—collapse. Every bone in my body ached so badly, that lying down, sitting, or standing I was alike in misery. Seeing a Phosferine advertisement, I procured a small bottle, and took a dose every two or three hours. I soon began to take a new lease of life. The wretched feeling of exhaustion gradually lightened, my appetite returned and after a few days' course of Phosferine I felt quite a new being. I feel assured it is due to using Phosferine as a preventive that the other members of my family have escaped being infected."—March 25, 1909.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Half-Mourning for Summer Wear.

There is a certain feeling at the present day against mourning garments, and it is not at all unusual for a strong-minded individual to request that neither flowers at the funeral nor black garb for the survivors, shall celebrate his or her demise. On the other hand, numbers of people would be so indignant to behold their bereaved relatives going about cheerfully clad in ordinary coloured garb, that they would take a keen joy in persistently haunting the culprits until they amended their ways and duly appeared in crêpe and black bombazine. Of course, a widow's get-up is nowadays made perfectly fascinating. Our grandmothers, apparently, felt duty-bound to render themselves as hideous as possible directly they became "pore lone lorn critters," perhaps on something the same principle that prompts Indian widows to actually disfigure themselves or indulge in suttee; the modern "relic" more wisely allows a jaunty little bonnet and new becoming gown to act the part of consoler and mitigate her grief. Half-mourning can easily be made perfectly fascinating, especially in the light fragile materials that we can wear in the warm weather. Purple and all shades of heliotrope are permissible, but they should not be allowed to become obtrusive—a mere touch, to break the monotony, is all-sufficient.

Black-and-White Toilettes.

Nothing can be daintier than white muslin with a black pin-spot, trimmed with either black or white lace and insertion. A smart yet fairly simple style is to have the high-waisted bodice made with three bands of insertion coming from either shoulder to the belt, the front of the bodice consisting of crossways bands of insertion, alternated with rows of tiny tucks. The tight-fitting sleeves should be in much the same style—tucks and insertion alternately. The triple bands of insertion on either side of the bodice continue beneath the belt to the three frills at the bottom of the skirt, while numbers of dainty tucks round waist and hips—short in front and back, longer at the sides—finish the design. With this is worn a dear little white chip hat of the "almost bonnet" type, sitting down well on the hair. The crown is encircled by a wreath of white roses, while black velvet strings serve to show up the clearness of a creamy complexion. Another costume in black-and-white stripes had the material folded from shoulder to waist somewhat in fichu style. In the front the bodice was cut open and laid back in white revers, embroidered round the edge in shades of black-and-white with a touch of delicate mauve. The plain skirt apparently fastens down one side by a row of big black buttons. A toque of black straw studded with jet, had a big black osprey ramping on the left side, and a hint of mauve tulle peeping out from around the crown. A gorgeous evening dress of the thickest, shiniest black satin had a long full scarf of the most lovely old real lace brought round the edge of the very low-cut bodice, and falling almost to the hem of the skirt, where it was finished by a couple of large tassels of jet and rich purple chenille. Under the bust this fichu was held in place by a big flat bow of deep purple, the tiny depth of bodice that showed above this being thickly embroidered in jet. The hair dressed very full at the sides, had black velvet threaded in and out, and a wing studded with jet sweeping down behind the left ear. It would be difficult to find any other combination of colour that it is so easy to render *chic* as black and white.

The Care of the Hands.

Rough red hands are always distressing, but they seem to their unhappy owners to grow perfectly unendurable in the merry, merry spring-time. Here is a method of dealing with hands that displease our fastidious taste. Take about a pint of fine white sand, put it into a basin and add a good amount of hot, soft, soapy water. Now wash your offending paws in this water for a very long time, rubbing them thoroughly, but not roughly, with the sand. Then rinse them in tepid water in which some oatmeal has been soaking. After all this lying in water even the nails are nicely softened, and ready to be manicured; so, after wiping them dry, press away the skin that has such a bad habit of aspiring upwards and hiding the pretty half-moons. At night wash again in the oatmeal water, and rub in a little cold cream. Naturally, the improvement is not instantaneous, as there is no suggestion of a magical formula about this recipe; but let it be persevered in steadily and it will prove to be well worth the trouble. Use the sand only every other day, however.

Cookery Hints.

Rolls of bread that have become stale may be freshened by being dipped quickly into cold water, and placed in the oven for two or three minutes till the water has dried, after which they will taste almost like new rolls.

A beaten-up egg and a little cream added to a cup of coffee make a drink almost as nourishing as a meal.

The splendidly-equipped baths which have been opened at York House and at 92, Jermyn Street, are notable additions to London's hygienic institutions, and, although only recently opened, have achieved a degree of popularity which makes ample amends for the skill shown in their construction. The York House establishment is set apart for ladies, while 92, Jermyn Street is exclusively at the service of men. With the exception that at York House there are several special baths which are meant to correct feminine nerve troubles, the establishments have followed out the principle of combining the advantages of a Russian and Turkish bath. Electricity is made to play a valuable part, and finally a group of scientifically constructed douches imports invigorating effects and make up the sum total of luxurious bathing. Another distinctive feature of the undertaking is that the baths are open both day and night, thus affording privileges unique even in London.

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A QUESTION OF REPUTATION.

BUYING FURNITURE WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF EXPERT KNOWLEDGE.

THE INAUGURATION OF A WONDERFUL NEW SYSTEM.

It is perhaps somewhat curious to note that in all our social or business transactions with other people our first inquiry—and if we are judicious we should always make inquiries—is on the question of reputation. We should from a social point of view never dream of introducing to our domestic circles, to the privacy of our family fireside, one whose reputation was doubtful, whose method of conducting himself was not in accord with those sacred and unwritten laws established under the mystic title etiquette. For the same reason, and in the same manner, when in momentary stress, we fly to doctor, lawyer, or other professional men; our concern is quite concentrated on the questions, "Are his methods open and absolutely to be relied on? In his judgment such as can be trusted?"

This is as it should be. There is only one fault in connection with our searching system—it does not go far enough.

The system of inquiry before entering into social or business routine should be utilised to its last ounce of value. Not only in professional matters should we desire to have information on the question of established reputation, but right through every transaction, even those which may literally be considered purely trading acts, this spirit of inquiry should be pushed.

It is well known that it is owing to the apathy of the average person that so many shady and disagreeable businesses are carried on. In JOHN BULL from time to time may be seen fearless exposures of those who are guilty of flagrant fraud and misrepresentation, but these exposures would be more complete and more numerous were those who had been deceived to recount their experiences. They would be much fewer were the spirit of investigation rampant, as it should be.

At this time of the year we have a splendid opportunity of considering one business proposition of interest to every person who appreciates home. This time is the time for redecoration and re-furnishing, and the establishment of new homes.

Our interests then are, or should be, concentrated on the question of furniture, and how to buy it.

This brings us directly to our point. If there is any business where reputation for sound, straight dealing is essential, it is the business of furnishing. Whether a person deals for cash or for credit it is necessary that, with a lack that most have of expert knowledge, they shall be able to rely on the reputation of the firm with which they are dealing for perfectly fair treatment.

The questions where to buy furniture and how to buy it daily become more complex with the growth of a huge class of doubtful traders whose interest in the public is but a monetary and a momentary one. There are hosts of furnishing houses that have suddenly sprung into existence with titles giving no clue as to those who are responsible, and can it be wondered that a number of these have already been stigmatised for their unfair system of trading?

The best advice to give the public is to deal with a house whose reputation has been established, whose principals and principles are known, and who in a straightforward manner state exactly their system of business.

It cannot be said that the pioneer workers in the furnishing industry, Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, of 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, have ever dealt other than straightly and directly with the public. The names of the responsible owners are clearly given, and at any time any member of the public desiring to furnish or re-furnish may walk in to their stately and dignified premises and ask to see either of the chief directors.

This point is emphasised because it is an old English custom to know what one is doing, and a title such as Wolfe and Hollander is surely far superior to the disguise of such a concern as "The International Royal and Disinterested Company of Furnishing Artists," a travesty of many titles that now appear.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have worked hard and continuously to gain the support of the public, and it is pleasing to think that to-day their name in their industry stands for fairness, promptness, and generosity.

The introduction of their new system of obviating heavy cash payments for those who desire to purchase furniture is of such distinctive merit as to be copied wholesale. Those, however, who have desired to follow in the footsteps of Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have not found it a simple task, for only with the use of the numerous resources at the disposal of this old-established firm is it possible to deal so generously with the public.

It is possible for any person who desires to secure £20 worth or £500 worth of furniture to secure the same and arrange payments over a period, with a simple five per cent. added to the cash prices.

That is to say, should you select £20 worth of goods at Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander's extensive emporium, and avail yourself of the extended payment plan, your total cost will be but £21. Should you choose £100 worth your total cost for the extra accommodation will be but £105.

The method is quite simple; indeed, all the details we have given here.

There is a point to remember, and that is, all the furniture displayed at the magnificent Tottenham Court Road show-rooms is guaranteed to be *new* and of the finest manufacture. Only the best goods are stocked, and whether you desire just one more easy armchair or a town mansion fully furnished you may rely that Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander will be able to supply you and give complete satisfaction.

A cordial invitation is extended to all readers of JOHN BULL to call and inspect their magnificent stock.

If you are unable to call you should write for the splendid book of furnishing Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have recently prepared. It is a work replete with valuable ideas, and certainly should be in the possession of every responsible household.

Applications for presentation copies should be addressed to Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. Telephones, 1830 Gerrard and 14299 Central. Telegrams, "Wolfhol, London."

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Is Austria-Hungary for power?
Does Victor Grayson call Keir Hardie "comrade"?
Is Mr. Asquith's the "Stay-in-Power" standard?
Do they call him Mr. "Able" Smith now?
Is Castro singing "I'm afraid to go home in the dark"?
Do the Edinburgh electors prefer chaff with their "Provost" oats?
Is the Socialist watchword "Union is Strength"?
If the Budget is a "weigh in" for the public, will that mean a "way out" for the Government?
Won't the auction of the L.C.C. steamboats be a "knock-down" blow for the Progressives?
Is the French naval enquiry a sympathetic proof of the *entente cordiale*?
Isn't Turkey still the "Sick Man" despite its Constitution?

The Witham bakers refused to make hot cross buns this year, so Witham had to do without 'em.

"Love is a house with many storeys," says Louise Heilgers. We thought it had but one, the "old, old story."

"Men of girth are men of moderation," according to the *Canadian Courier*. Waist, but not waste.

"The Flame Dancer" is the title of a recent book. It ought to go by leaps and bounds.

Queer Dance. A "breakdown" on the underground.

Startling. "Wonderful! A star bigger than the sun, yet looks like a sixpence." "Not sixpence; it's only a far-thing."

A tooth-pick.—Selecting a dentist.

During last year, 230 false alarms were received by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. And yet the men are getting too fat.

The Dog World, described as the only dog's newspaper in existence, ought to contain many waggish tails.

"To a man who has not the money, the smallest debt is liable to assume immense weight," said Judge Willis. It means "wait" for the creditor also.

According to the *Army Service Corps Journal*, "Lieutenant N. A. F. Penwick has been granted long leave in the United Kingdom from 4-12-68 to 3-6-09." And yet some subalterns complain of overwork.

A Hungarian carpenter has won the £50 offered by the Literary and Dramatic Society of Budapest for the best play. Being a carpenter, he, of course, could put "parts" together well.

"Moderate Bungling over the Trams," reads a headline. We are glad it is no worse.

The prisoner who got out of the cells at Tunbridge Wells by squeezing through the bars of an iron gate had but a slender chance of escape.

"The public likes its artists and musicians to pose," says H. Margetts. He wonder some of them are so popular.

"Asylum Escapes," we read in the *Mail*. Really, the authorities ought to be more careful.

The otter killed by a train on the Great Eastern Railway otter have taken another line.

"Hell on Earth. The Modern Man," says a poster. The devil he is!

A Fulham vicar complains that many of those attending his church do not give an average of a penny a Sunday. Evidently their religion is not dear to them.

"It is the sharp boys who become criminals," says Sir Robert Anderson. Certain! the sharp boys are the taking ones.

Three new public parks have been opened at Coventry. It will soon be no punishment to be sent there.

"America is essentially a land of distances," says F. R. Simms. The majority of the people, even, are "wide."

Some More School "Howlers":—

Gravity is a force the ground has for making things come to it.
The Crusades were on account of the Turks. They took Constantinople and were so cruel they wouldn't let traders use the Suez Canal.
Oliver Cromwell's home policy was being a kind husband and a good father; his foreign policy was to walk abroad in a big slouch hat with a very large red nose.
William the Conqueror was one of our best authors; he wrote a book till Doomsday.
John Bright invented an incurable disease.
Hexham is famous for the making of hexameters, which have six feet; a taximeter has only five.
An Alexandrine is verse so called because Tennyson wrote it on Queen Alexandra.
An abstract noun is the name of something that does not exist, such as goodness and billions of money.
Kingsley was a great agriculturist; he wrote a book on yeast.
Oliver Cromwell was the captain of an ironclad, his men being with ironsides.
Queen Elizabeth's face was thin and pale, but she liked being a stout Protestant.
Hezekiah was the King of the Medes and Persians, which never alter, and for his pride liked to eat grass.

DO IT NICELY

When friends gather round your table, the meal ceases to be a mere feed, and becomes an agreeable social function, at which cares are forgotten and friendships strengthened. Do it as nicely as you can. Don't have the appearance of the table spoiled by shabby worn-out Knives with blunt blades which wobble in the handles, and Spoons and Forks which are discoloured. Our great direct-from-factory offer provides a New Outfit without effort.

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We will supply straight from our works to anyone a high grade Coventry made "QUADRANT" cycle at actual trade price, and send the machine on TEN DAYS' approval.

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY AND SAVE SHOP PROFITS.

"QUADRANTS" have won TWENTY gold medals for excellence; are ridden by royalty, and guaranteed for TEN YEARS.

An improved, fully equipped, latest model for £3 10s. cash (Agents' shop price, £5 10s.). Monthly payments from 5s.

Write for Free Art Album.

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(Dept. J B), Fairfield Road, COVENTRY

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FIRE, LIFE, HOUSE PURCHASE.

Claims Paid Exceed £5,000,000. Yearly Income Exceeds £1,000,000

Agents Wanted. SPECIAL TERMS.

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All Stationers sell it. In bottles 1d. to 3/- each.

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By stimulating your appetite and aiding your digestion you may be only overloading your system with waste products.

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Do not delay to send us your name and address, when we will immediately act honourably towards you, and send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF ALL COST, the Certificate, and will finance you in your endeavours to save money.

Large fortunes are continually being made by small capitalists from investments which are thoroughly sound, and which can be realised for cash at any time; and in addition to the above offer we will include our 60-page Prospectus (published at 1/- net), which describes a new system of investments for small and thrifty Capitalists who can put by from 2/- a week, with great opportunities and certain increase of capital.

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is to send us a postcard (PENNY STAMP for France) with your name and address on it, and we will carry out our promise.

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FREE TRIAL.

Fill in this coupon and send 3 penny stamps for carriage, and we will send you a trial bottle free.

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John Bull, April 24. No. 13.

To Coleman and Co. Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

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Contractors to His Majesty's Forces and the R.A.M.C.

Gold Medal, Franco-British Exhibition.

By Appointment to the King and Queen of Spain.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

Special Notice.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* enquiries *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* only those of general interest *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

AUTHORS and artists submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work **when stamps have been enclosed in payment of postage.**

A. E. W. (Teddington) thought of sending 7s. 6d. for a "painting outfit for evening employment." Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!

"Innocent" (Herne Hill).—What was their reply? Perhaps they thought you were larking.

J. W. (Darlaston) objects to advertisements of local tradesmen being thrown on the screen at cinematograph shows.

H. H. H. (St. John's, S. E.).—Are you one of the prospective German invaders?

S. V. (Hastings).—Even editors smile when they see Sam Voss. "Do not be without ready money" is not bad advice. 'Twould make a good song and dance.

"One who has had the honour of serving under Lord Roberts" grows illegible with fury at Jim Crow, but we have made out the following: "Thank heaven we are not all Vivian. I don't sign my name as I do not wish to advertise myself, but I wish to express my disgust." Od's Bobs, what modesty! And what appropriately anonymous courage!

"Nosey" (Lavender Hill).—We neither read the *Daily Chronicle* nor the writings of Stead.

"Pro Bono Publico" wants to hear from other victims of Lawrence and Co.

"Vox Populi" complains of what he calls the "Sunday Concert Hoax," in regard to the decoy of free seats. But unless some of the seats are paid for, how does he think the management is to get the money for the artistes?

P. L. (West Hampstead).—*Apropos* our recent article on the "Mensur," says that he has been present at some hundreds of students' duels (both "Schläger" and sabre), has fought as principal in some of these, has officiated as umpire, second, etc., on innumerable occasions—functions which necessitate an intimate knowledge of every detail connected with students' duels. He says that the uninitiated reader might suppose from the article under consideration that the only duels fought in Germany amongst the students are "Schläger" duels (fought with the light straight sword or "Schläger") of a comparatively harmless character, and that it is against these that the police take action. This, however, is not the case. The "Schläger" duels *are* of a harmless character; but, since they are only fought for sport and practice, it would be inconsistent with reason if they were otherwise. Serious quarrels between students or officers are settled in Germany by resource to the sabre or pistol, and it is against these dangerous duels (which very often terminate fatally) that the German police principally direct their efforts. It would, he thinks, be about equally fair for one to form a judgment on German student duelling from Mr. Methley's article, as it would be for a German to judge (and perhaps ridicule) the English practice of boxing from having read a satirical description of a man practising with a punching ball.

J. W. (Glasgow).—We think the points in your letter are fully covered by that from Mr. Munro.

J. A. D. (Hendon) wishes to "call attention to the shameful state of affairs existing in the traffic arrangements on the Great Eastern Railway and the lack of comfort travellers have to put up with." He says that when at Norwich, and wishing to return to London, he just lost the 11.50 a.m. train, and found he had two hours and twenty minutes to wait for the next (the 2.10 p.m.). He took this, and arrived eventually at St. Pancras at 6.35, just over 25 minutes late, having taken four hours and twenty-five minutes to do the journey of 126¼ miles. No arrangements were made for heating the carriages, although the day was exceedingly cold; no lights were provided, although there were several tunnels, and the train was pulled up in one of them. Perhaps when the Bill now before Parliament passes we may have an improvement.

J. J. K. (Battersea) sings:

> The phrase "take place" is crude you state;
> You'd prefer some word euphonious.
> May I suggest "eventuate"
> And yet survive—Devonius?

J. S. (Crouch End).—*Nous verrons.*

"Rab" (Prestwich).—We will have our frock-coat ironed out and our buttons re-covered before sitting for another photograph.

W. P. (West Norwood).—We agree that the laudation of Mr. J. A. Simon, K.C., as "the man who beat Bottomley" is a little premature. You tell us that on a recent Sunday you saw two eminent vocalists and a minister laughing heartily in the vestry over an editorial note in John Bull. Many ministers take us for their texts.

L. E. T. (Ceylon).—Tells us that John Bull is the first thing she looks for on mail days and it always causes her to give a "broad smile." In answer to a correspondent who recently complained of nursemaids wearing hospital uniform, L. E. T. says "lots of children's nurses are hospital-trained and therefore entitled to the uniform."

T. A. C. (Bristol).—We cannot say that we see much grievance against the Sheffield firm in respect of their reading of the Pensions Act.

H. C. W. (Ontario) says that Fellows and Co., of Birmingham, are advertising in the *Montreal Star* and other papers out there an offer of a "solid gold watch" to the solvers of some ridiculously easy "puzzle." Of course it is the old booby trap—the watches are not "given" except a chain is purchased, but the chains in this case are very high-priced.

Messrs. Mackie and Co., apropos a recent paragraph regarding the 9s. charged at Messrs. Gatti's for a bottle of "White Horse" whisky, write us that they have made enquiries into the matter and find that the charge was improperly made by the waiter, and had the customer complained to the manager the matter would have been put right. Such overcharging is a common dodge in restaurants, and is, of course, a great injury to the restaurant keepers and the owners of proprietary articles as well as the public.

C. B. P. (Fife) has made the amazing discovery that our recent story, "An Unwilling Climber," is wrongly described. He asserts that it is an Anti-Capitalist, not Anti-Socialist tale. He had no need to put his address on his letter.

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Counsel: If they are the PENNA they are the BEST!
PENNA HEEL
FROM ALL SHOEMAKERS.
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OF DELIGHTFUL AROMA
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HIGHEST GRADE VIRGINIA CODE L.V. | SELECTED TURKISH LEAF CODE L.T

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HANGING ON

to oilcloth is unwise. The longer a woman allows oilcloth or imitation Cork-Lino to cover her floors, the longer she allows her days of drudgery to continue. Drudgery is absolutely necessary with these floor coverings down because they cannot be kept completely clean without continuous scrubbing. Think of it. Continuous Scrubbing! Every housewife knows what that means—backache headache, and bad knees brought on by kneeling to scrub the floor covering. Don't suffer in that way any longer, be among the wise and try CATESBYS' CORK LINO, the original Cork Lino, which does away with floor scrubbing drudgery. Get it now. Samples and Prices Free on request.

CATESBY and SONS

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BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

REMARKABLE OFFER OF ONE WEEK'S TRIAL

FREE

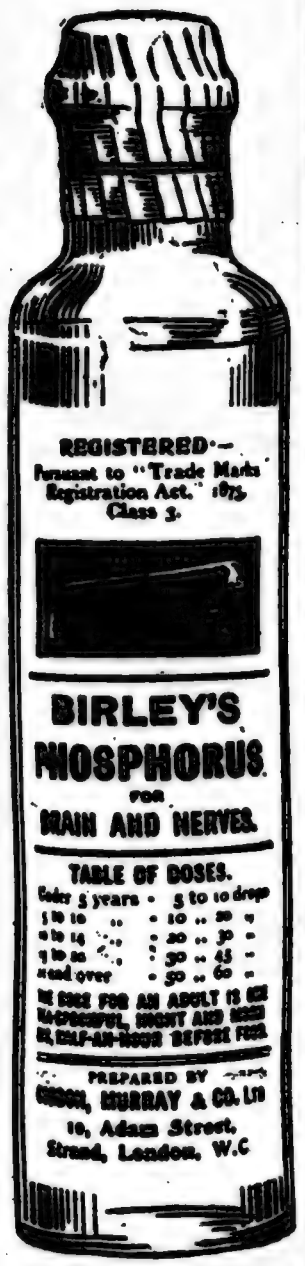
Over 100,000 Free Bottles already distributed. If YOU suffer from any Nerve Complaint—however trivial or severe—we ask you to try BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS at our expense.

YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM

demands attention at this time of the year. The long, treacherous winter has been responsible for a remarkable epidemic of debilitating illnesses—coughs, colds, chills, influenza, pneumonia, etc., etc., and these always leave the nervous system in a weak and exhausted condition.

The finest restorative is BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS, for it gives nutriment to the Brain and Nerves and imparts energy and strength to the whole body. Mental alertness and physical energy follow its use. It completely fortifies the system against relapses and gives to the body a wonderful power of resistance.

We cannot offer better PROOF than to give you the opportunity of testing this remedy FREE. Actions speak louder than words, and we rely on the intrinsic MERITS of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS to make it the WORLD-WIDE REMEDY for ALL NERVOUS TROUBLES.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BIRLEY'S
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FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years . 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 .. . 10 .. 20 ..
10 to 14 .. . 20 .. 30 ..
15 to 20 .. . 30 .. 45 ..
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THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEASPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. LTD
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C

SIGNS OF NERVE TROUBLE

The symptoms of a debilitated nervous system are legion, and under this heading we have a whole host of neurotic complaints:—

BRAIN FAG,	PALPITATION,	ST. VITUS' DANCE,
NEURALGIA,	HYSTERIA,	TREMBLING,
HEADACHE,	NEURITIS,	VERTIGO or GIDDINESS,
SLEEPLESSNESS,	NAUSEA,	PRESSURE in the HEAD,
NERVOUS INDIGESTION,	LOSS OF MEMORY,	SINKING SENSATIONS,
	FAINTNESS,	

and in addition the somewhat **Vague and Undefined Nervous Conditions** (yet real and distressing to the patient) of

NEURASTHENIA, viz.:

OVER-SENSITIVENESS,	DESPONDENCY or DEPRESSION,	MELANCHOLIA,
LASSITUDE,	MORBID FOREBODINGS,	MOROSENESS, and
ILL-TEMPER,	IRRITABILITY,	GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY, and
VAGUE FEARS,	RESTLESSNESS,	MENTAL EXHAUSTION,

with inability to concentrate the mind. Each and every one of these distressing conditions can, however, be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

CURES ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS

REMEMBER:—Worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities all oppress and debilitate the nervous system and pave the way for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. You will be wise to send in the coupon and secure a FREE Trial Bottle of this magnificent nerve restorative without delay.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, etc., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.

SEND THIS COUPON (D.G.2) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C. with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Dispatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a week's Supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. **ONE** Trial Bottle **Only** to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

"Skater" (Horselydown) says that it is a favourite dodge at roller-skating rinks to advertise a charge for admission and then make another demand for the use of skates, this further sum having to be paid even if the patron uses his own skates. But isn't it rather late to take up the grievance?

H. A. (Southgate) has been amused by Mark Fraser and Co.'s (20, Rathbone Place, W.) impudent circular, sending him two of their "best" fountain pens for him to pester his friends to purchase at 1s. 6d. each. Upon remitting them 3s. they promise him a "real genuine diamond" ring. They say they "must receive either the cash or the pens back within 14 days." H. A. need, of course, take no trouble in the matter, but has written them that on receipt of 6d. to cover postage he will return the goods. We believe the diamonds are genuine, but are such little chips as to be practically worthless.

F. T. (Netley).—The muscular rector's description of himself as "sixty years young" is not deserving of a biscuit. He was adopting the phrase of a greater man than himself.

J. F. O. (Wakefield).—We agree that the misuse of the word "most" is a common fault, especially in journalism, and that the following (from the pen of Mr. Desmond B. O'Brien, in his "Letters on Books" in *Truth*) is a striking example of its abuse: "*All* Mr. Tuckwell's reminiscences of the Oriel Noetics are *most* interesting, but the *most* interesting of all and the *most* suggestive are his papers on Whateley, Arnold of Rugby," etc.

W. L. (Woolwich) and W. D. H. (Manchester)—apropos "Ajax's" recent request for the names of some books which he can send a relative who has assisted him financially and is now apparently making unpleasant insinuations by means of the gift of such books as "Get on or Get Out." Our readers make the following ingenious suggestions: "Thoughts on Business," by W. P. Warren; "A Bitter Debt," by A. S. Swan; "Did He Deserve it?" by Riddell; "Put Yourself in His Place," by Reade; "Signs of Change," by Morris, and "Things will take a Turn," by Harraden. But we do not think the contents of most of these books are as apposite as the titles.

E. B. (Upper Norwood) favours Mr. Lloyd George—through us—with some suggestions for new taxation. She—E. B. is a lady—would tax a man who had more than four children. "What earthly good is it for a poor man to have a large family?" she asks. She goes on to assert that these offsprings are "in after years a burden to themselves and the State, and mostly go to swell the ranks of the unemployed." She would put the heaviest tax possible on cats, as she considers they are "dirty microbe-laden brutes" and are the curse of the country. "Last, but not least," she would impose a heavy duty on perambulators and large hats, as "the former obstruct one's walks abroad and the latter one's sight." We will carefully consider her suggestions, with a view to incorporating them in our little brochure "How to Raise the Money."

H. L. (Westminster).—The advertiser in the *Chronicle* who wanted a man cook for 10s. a week, evidently is looking out for a cuckoo.

W. B. (Blackpool) says that he saw no mention of cotton in the reports of the recent Witney blankets case, though he believes there is a percentage of that material in them and the "raised" surface is combed up to cover it. More tricks of the trade, we suppose.

"A Reader" says that a firm of London accountants recently notified its clerks that, unless a satisfactory excuse was forthcoming, fines for lateness would be imposed as follows: 9.35 a.m. to 10 a.m., 6d.; 10 to 10.30, 2s. 6d.; 10.30 to 10.45, 5s. This rule applies even to the articled clerk who had paid a heavy premium. He points out that the bold, bad young man, who cannot turn up to time, is much tempted to send a wire stating that he is ill, take the whole day off, and keep his money. It is doubtful whether, in the long run, a firm adopting such shabby methods does not suffer for it in some such way as our correspondent suggests.

R. V. G. (Blackheath).—Thanks for cutting, but not good enough for a biscuit. The advertisement of the defunct One and All Assurance Association probably appeared in the Woolwich Arsenal Programme owing to a long contract having been entered into and prepayment made.

"Reader" (Bristol) enquires, "Has the North Pole of meanness been reached yet?" If not, he puts in the following claim. Having been engaged on a little task which required the use of glue, and having got his hands somewhat bedaubed with this sticky substance, a gentleman whom our correspondent says he "knows well by sight" was observed to carefully scrape the glue from his hands and nails, afterwards placing the tiny fragments in the glue-pot to be melted up again. Is "Reader" endeavouring to make our hair stick up? We must glue our eye on him, by gum!

G. H. W. (Neath) and T. T.—Thanks for cuttings from the *Cambria Daily Leader* and *Glasgow Herald*. Readers often send us similar examples of birth announcements appearing under the heading of "Deaths," and *vice versa*, but we prefer not to give biscuits in respect of such unpleasant subjects. By-the-by, we wonder whether, if the mother's recovery was retarded by seeing her praiseworthy effort recorded under the heading of "Death," she would succeed in an action for damages against the paper.

R. E. H. (Coventry) thanks us for our attitude towards the General Anæsthetics Bill; but says that the protest is being made by the Birmingham Dental Students' Society, not the Medical Students' Society. He says that if the present Bill becomes law, dental operations would cost more, because an additional fee would have to be paid to a medical man to administer the anæsthetic. He joins issue with the anæsthetist whose letter we published last week, so far, at any rate, as regards London, where, it will be remembered, he said that he did not know a single dentist who ever gave gas except with the help of a medical man.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

"THE STRANGE CASE OF CORNFORD *VERSUS* JONES."

To the Editor of John Bull.

Sir,—I fear that in my "Hurly Burly" article in John Bull, dated 10th inst., under the above heading, I have done the Rev. Bruce Cornford, of Southsea, an unintentional injustice. It will be recalled that in a circular which the reverend gentleman issued to his parishioners appeared the statement, "A box for Special Intercessions will be on the table at the west end of the church." Upon this I commented *inter alia* "That he will make Special Intercessions for those who can afford to pay extra for them is obliging." I now understand that the box in question is one for receiving slips of paper containing the names of those desiring Special Intercessions, so my assumption that it was for receiving contributions for Special Intercessions is obviously without any foundation in fact. Allow me, therefore, to express my apologies and regrets to the reverend gentleman in respect of my erroneous interpretation of the words in the circular on which I commented.—Yours, etc.,

Theodore Dahle.

[We cordially welcome Mr. Dahle's letter and as cordially associate ourselves with his frank expressions of apology and regret.—Ed. J.B.]

STECK PIANOS.

Whenever you see the name of Steck on a piano you may be certain that the instrument is a perfect example of piano construction. The Steck has enjoyed the highest reputation on the Continent and in America for over half a century. Through sheer merit it is now taking a foremost place in this country. You are invited to call and play the Steck, and to write for Steck Catalogue "H. H."

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135-6-7 New Bond Street, London, W.

Longer Life for Clothes.

Many of your last summer's suits are good for another season's wear: they only want smartening up a little. If the fabric is in sound condition we can make them look almost as fresh as when they were new, by dry-cleaning and pressing. We have practised the dry-cleaning process satisfactorily for many years and we can carry out the work to your satisfaction at a cost of only 3/9 a suit. We also undertake repairs and supply new buttons, etc., at very reasonable charges. Write to-day for our Pamphlet "Clothes and the Man," and the address of nearest branch or agency, or send direct to address below (we pay carriage one way) with instructions enclosed.

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HACKNEY WICK, LONDON, E.
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City Branches at—
5, Queen Street, E.C. (Tele. 9480 Central);
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After Shaving.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the only rational cream to use after shaving, because it is so soothing and comforting that it immediately removes any soreness and irritation which shaving is apt to cause. Used overnight, it makes the morning shave surprisingly easy.

Of all Chemists, 1/-. Send 2d. for sample to (Dept. S) 11a Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

Icilma Fluor Cream.

BIRKBECK BANK

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

What is Your Number?

See page iii of cover.

LIPTONS

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS

TO H.M. THE KING.

TO H.M. THE KING & QUEEN OF ITALY.

TO H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.

TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Growers of the Finest Tea the World can Produce.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTONS.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

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CHIEF OFFICES:

CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES & AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTONS TEA.

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

YOUR

'VANTAGE!

'Other Rackets may be good, but the

'BEDFORD' TENNIS RACKET

is better—and so very much better that once having used it you will never care to play with any other. The outstanding feature of the "Bedford" is the Wedge, which, by an ingenious adjustment, gives a better balance and greater driving power than is possessed by any other Racket. The "Bedford" is specially strung with finest quality English Gut, the frame is made of highly seasoned English Rent Ash and the handle of selected mahogany.

PRICE **27/6**

To be obtained from all High-class Athletic Dealers and Stores.

Sole Patentees and Manufacturers—

THE M.G.G. BAT WORKS, Ltd., BEDFORD.

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Fire & Accident Insurance

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Capital £50,000. Premium Income over £20,000.

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NOT A SLATE CLUB. NO LEVIES.

No liabilities at all beyond paying fixed PREMIUMS.

Protection against Loss through

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COMPENSATION PAID WEEKLY IN CASES OF ACCIDENT OR SICKNESS.

Other Departments:

BURGLARY. PLATE GLASS.

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AGENTS WANTED.

Write for Prospectus:—

19, 20 & 21, FARRINGDON ST., (Ludgate Circus) LONDON, E.C.

WILLIAM E. RICHARDS, Managing Director.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

The Ways of Horsemen.

In the old days jockeys used to keep to the stand side at Epsom, but now everybody bears right across to the rails, which leads to objection and more loss of ground than the advantage, when they do get there, gives them.

More Jockey Exportation.

I have just arranged for little J. Peel, who was the apprentice jockey for Nugent's stable, and who won three races on Cuffs and one on Tom Wedgwood last year, to go out to South Africa to ride for Mr. Madore, and the boy sailed by the "Walmer Castle" last Saturday.

Prophetic.

Epsom, now over, has such as vast influence upon the later issues of the week, that prognostication days ahead in the dark is almost a lottery. Still, I think that to-day (Thursday)

Thaddeus,

under only a 3lb. penalty, *must*, on the Newbury form, take the Easter Cup, and Cargill, if a starter, will carry top weight home in the Twickenham Handicap. Hillside III.'s small extra should not stop him in the Princess of Wales Handicap, and if run for it Scotch Plait would, on the handicap, win the Guildford Plate. Saturday's "jumping" card is the best of the meeting. Mr. A. Stedall's colours must be prominent, for Chessington can surely take the Selling Steeplechase, and whichever he runs, First Champion or Kolo, the Criterion Handicap. In the chief Hurdle Handicap, W.M. or Relish—both terrible disappointments last winter—will go close, and

Butterball

should make amends for so many failures in the Kingston Handicap. The big steeplechase gives a bigger chance than he has ever had to

Johnstown Lad,

who, in Anthony's handling, must be "thereabouts."

NOT A WORRIED LOOK.

The result of following our racing prophet, who, as our readers are no doubt aware, has predicted many winners recently.

THE MONDAY MIDGET.

A Private Publication issued every Monday. 2/6; four weeks, 7/6. Post free, in Plain Sealed Envelopes.

The M. M. contains exclusive and authentic news. A veritable *multum in parvo*. The Midget gives only the crème de la crème of Racing Intelligence No horse is ever recommended without sound and distinct reason. The Midget boasts two Specialities, the "One-Horse" Overnight Code selection, advertised in all the principal sporting papers, and the "One-Horse" Sixth Letter "Best thing of the Week" Selection.

Sole Address:—MONDAY MIDGET, Ascot, Berks.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

Oatine

To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the OATINE SHAVING CREAM (in tubes) or the OATINE SHAVING STICK, both of which are British-made, and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the OATINE SOAPS for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as OATINE CREAM, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner.

Free Samples

of OATINE CREAM and OATINE SOAP will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our booklet, or send 2d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 270a, Denman Street, London, S.E.

"TADDYS" GRAPNEL MIXTURE

A BLEND OF CHOICE TOBACCOS.

Price 6d. per 1 oz. packet.
1/- per 2 oz. tin. 2/- per 4 oz. tin.

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in LIFE ASSURANCE are embodied in the plans of the BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd., 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.

5% Debenture Instalment, Whole-Life and Endowment Policies issued. SPECIAL FEATURES—Guaranteed Bonus Tables. Particulars Post Free.
GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.
M. Garcony, Managing Director.

FREE. 30 ASSORTED 2D SAMPLES

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

There is no more agreeable experience than to come upon an old friend who has somehow left his ailments behind him, and now looks the picture of restored manhood. The old haggard expression, the suggestion of premature old age, the appearance of weakness and lassitude, the irritability and tendency to melancholy views have vanished. He now, indeed, seems a new man with pure healthy blood flowing in his veins, and contentment written on his face. He is again fully alive and enjoys life instead of simply enduring it. If you enquire what it is that has wrought such a striking change for the better, to what medicine or system your friend attributes his return to health and vigour, it is more than probable that he will answer in two words—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St Helens, Lancs. Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).

THE OLD ORIGINAL and WORLD-FAMOUS LUNG TONIC is OWBRIDGE'S, FOR

COUGHS & COLDS.

The most up-to-date, best known and most successful Remedy in the World for

THROAT and CHEST TROUBLES

arising from Damp or Chill.

Owbridge's

Lung Tonic.

Ask for "OWBRIDGE," and take no substitute.

This is the Best, Cheapest, and Safest way to recovery.

Invaluable to SPEAKERS, SINGERS, and all who suffer from THROAT WEAKNESS.

Established 1874.

CAUTION.—Do not waste money on so-called lung tonics, which appear to be cheap, but of which you have to take double doses, with disappointing results.

Prepared by

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd., Hull.

Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. & 11s.

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Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.

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Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—

Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
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Call Options thoroughly explained, also all Stock Exchange operations; how to open account with limited risk; how to avoid brokers' commissions. Contains highest and lowest sales for last 15 years.

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TRADE BILLS DISCOUNTED. NO FEES.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR 50 HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issue of February 27th:—

MRS. MADELEINE HOWISON, "Springcroft," Duke's Avenue, Finchley, N. (No. 28008.)

CHARLES B. CLARIDGE, 127, Trumpington Road, Forest Gate, E. (No. 119243.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 20th:—

634; 1862; 2186; 7021; 8679; 11418; 13647; 23964; 29185; 42618; 47699; 53004; 60547; 68710; 74778; 81754; 87473; 91062; 94778; 105707; 113529; 120469; 127506; 135702; 136130; 146271; 150047; 161364; 167150; 172010; 178616; 179624; 180242; 187765; 203457; 211486; 219676; 225992; 234786; 239462; 247224; 247512; 250877; 257106; 260675; 268024; 274900; 278601; 284143; 293146.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MAY 29TH (PUBLISHED MAY 27TH).

Special Notice.

We find that the arrangements in connection with our New Ballot Scheme will take somewhat longer to complete than we anticipated, and, therefore, until further notice, the scheme will continue on the old lines, as explained above.

NOW is the TIME to Place your

REMUNERATIVE COMMISSIONS

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THE DERBY, OAKS, TWO THOUSAND, &c.

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DOUGLAS STUART,

102-104, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.,

Paid 100 to 1 in FULL to all his Clients, and will ALWAYS pay the FULL PRICES as returned by "The Sportsman."

Write TO-DAY for his Terms, and

OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT,

You will then be in a position to take advantage of

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PROMPT MONDAY SETTLEMENTS.

PLACE BETTING

even when the "Favourite" starts "ODDS ON."

DON'T TAKE RISKS, but have a **CREDIT ACCOUNT** with "The Most Reliable Turf Accountant in Existence."—*Vide Press.*

N.B.—Mr. Douglas Stuart is NEVER represented on ANY RACECOURSE.

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.